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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]



["CAUGHT."]

DARCY'S CHILD;

OR,
THE DUKE'S CHOICE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"Sybil's Inheritance," "Evelyn's Plot," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Oh, ever beautiful, ever friendly, tell
Is it in Heaven a crime to love too well,
To bear too tender or too fine a heart?

"HAVE you heard of this new prodigy who is expected to-night?" asked Mr. Sackville of Lord Dudley Vyvian some few days after the engagement of Rosalind Tyrell by the Paris manager.

"I did hear some rumours," said the young nobleman, carelessly; "but, really, these things are always so terribly exaggerated that I never trouble myself to investigate their truth."

"Oh, I suppose there is some wonderful *Diva* either before or behind the scenes," returned Mr. Sackville, "who is too engrossing to allow of any condescending interest on your lordship's part in such idle reports. However, I can assure you that I have heard, from the very best authority, that she is something most marvellous. Indeed, if I had not very authentic accounts of her perfections I assure you I should not be here to-night. Why, my duties have been so frightfully heavy during Sir Henry's long absence that it would have been simply madness for me to attempt any such dissipation."

"Ah, is he better, by the way?" drawled Lord Dudley.

"Well, yes; I suppose almost out of danger," said the attaché; "but he and Lady Greville have gone off by easy stages to Paris, to consult some crack fellow there, and, as I suspect, let all this scandal blow over, my lord."

"You mean about the companion, I suppose?" said the young nobleman, putting his glass to his eye and appearing to be deeply engaged in making out some acquaintance.

"Exactly so. I would not vouch, myself, for any-

thing, whether for or against the report. I only know that Sir Henry was confoundedly spooney on the girl. As to her, I strongly suspect that she would not have objected to be the second Lady Greville, if the accident had happened to the right person—eh, Lord Dudley?"

A frown had gathered on the young nobleman's brow as the gossiping attaché spoke, and it was, perhaps, doubtful what the rejoinder might have been had not the curtain drawn up at the moment, and all farther conversation was necessarily stopped. The opera was *La Sonnambula*, and the first busy scenes were listened to with comparative apathy till Amina appeared on the stage. Then the general hush which preceded her entrance was followed by an equally universal burst of applause, which lasted for some seconds.

No one could have been surprised at the manifestation, for the new *prima donna* advanced with such dignified grace, yet such evident emotion, and her beauty was so resplendent, even in her village garb, that no one could look on her without an irresistible fascination, even before her voice had been heard.

But when that once came on the hushed house—when the fresh tones of that magnificent organ were poured forth—to which the pure and tasteful enunciation of the musical Italian gave such a rare charm—the enthusiasm of the audience was wound up to the very highest pitch.

Each act heightened the *furor*. The new singer was called before the curtain after each pause in the opera, and finally was well-nigh smothered with bouquets as the last notes of the "*Ah, non Giunge!*" died on the enraptured senses of the throng.

Dudley Vyvian alone had neither applauded nor vouchsafed any other mark of approval to the wonderful *débütante*.

Only a sudden start had betrayed his emotion at the first recognition of the huntsman's daughter in this new and suddenly popular idol; before he had had time to satisfy himself, through the friendly glass, that he was sure of her identity the sound of her voice had dispelled all doubt from his mind.

There could be no mistake in those tones—that peculiarly refined accent.

Not even to the end of life—not in the most distant locality—would he have mistaken the peculiar charm of Rosalind Tyrell's exquisite voice.

A mingled contest arose in his mind whether to be delighted or annoyed at this fresh phase in her career.

There were hopes and secret ideas in his mind that made this publicity distasteful to him, but yet a few minutes' reflection gave a new turn to his thoughts, and he gave himself up to the delight of listening to her gushing flood of melody and gazing on her wonderful beauty till the end of the performance. Then he quietly stole from his place of comparative concealment and left the house.

The full purse which he had accidentally placed in his pocket was considerably lightened in a few minutes from that time. The driver of a vehicle that was waiting for the *débütante* could have perhaps explained the destination of the surplus gold, though the darkness of the night had covered the transaction from any other eyes.

Rosalind Tyrell stepped wearily into the carriage which had been engaged by her for the evening, and sank back in its recess with a sense of utter exhaustion which only such unusual excitement and exertion could produce.

Her success had been complete—so much, indeed, was satisfactory, exhilarating to her mind, but at what a cost of maidenly shyness and of woman's strength—of all the self-appropriation which was free from such harassing ties—such incessant servitude to the tyrant public!

Henceforth she was not her own mistress; voice, talent, beauty were all at the mercy of others. It was a depressing prospect to one so devoid of vanity as the huntsman's daughter.

So completely was she worn out by the severe practice of the previous days, and the broken rest of nights which was often occasioned by Lady Darcy's feeble health, that her eyes closed during these melancholy

musings, and she sank into so profound a sleep that she was not aware that her drive was prolonged beyond the time which it ought to have taken to reach her own home.

When at last the carriage abruptly stopped, and she was roused from her slumber, her senses were still too confused for her to notice the change in the aspect of the open hall into which she entered, till the door had been closed and locked behind her; then, as the lights flashed more brightly around, and she recovered the numbing effect of her recent doze, she suddenly started back with a vague alarm.

"There is some mistake; this is not my home," she said, recoiling from the domestic who was about to lead the way. "I am very sorry, but the carriage has not yet gone away, and I can return at once."

"By no means, mademoiselle. We were told to expect you, and there can be no doubt that all is right," said the man, with respectful firmness. "Be so good as to follow me."

"I cannot stay even for a minute," she said, hastily. "I am expected at home by a sick friend. Allow me to go at once," she added, more haughtily, as the man hesitated.

"Excuse me, mademoiselle, but there is no mistake; we must obey our orders. I am sorry to say that I must trouble you to follow me; or else I shall be compelled to call my lord."

"My lord!" she repeated, anxiously. "I do not understand you! Who is your master?"

"You will soon see, mademoiselle, if you will be so good as to come with me. There is no alternative," he added. "The door cannot be opened without orders, and I should be extremely sorry to make any disturbance, you see, mademoiselle."

The girl hesitated no longer. She was too proud to contend uselessly with a domestic, and the suspicion which entered her mind was too alarming for her to bear any farther suspense.

"You will comprehend, at any rate, that I am here, and remaining here, without my intention, and against my will," she said, calmly. "Now I am ready."

The man led the way with a rather perplexed look, then ushered the girl into a splendid saloon, where a massive chandelier illuminated the gorgeous furniture and gave it even more than common brilliancy.

At first Rosalind's eyes were dazzled, from the contrast to the dark obscurity from which she emerged. Then, as by degrees they became accustomed to the glare, she perceived that she was not alone.

A figure advanced from a recess in the deep window, and came slowly towards her.

She scarcely distinguished the features of the first distant view, but as the gentleman approached nearer to her she drew back with haughty though scarcely astonished disgust.

She was evidently betrayed into the power and in the presence of her hated suitor, Lord Dudley Vyvian.

"I do not understand this senseless jest, my lord," she said, proudly withdrawing the hand he would have taken. "May I request that you will at once allow me to leave this house to which I have been so absurdly conducted?"

"Not at all senseless or absurd are the motives that have influenced me, fair Rosalind," said the nobleman, coolly. "I have at last discovered you after your flight, and as I have a great deal to say to you and wished for the earliest and best opportunity of conversation I took this means of securing it. Pray let me conduct you to that fountain and order some refreshment. You must be faint and exhausted after your wonderful exertions."

"I will have nothing but freedom, my lord, at your hands," she replied, haughtily, "and that I demand and will insist on, at your peril."

"You must have a little patience, fair lady, and hear what imports you to know, or it may be worse for your future peace and prospects than you imagine," he returned, with unmoved coolness. "Nay, hear me, Miss Tyrell; I have that to say which ought at any rate to command a hearing. I can give you news of one most dear to you. Will not that calm your indignation for a few minutes?"

"Who do you mean?" she asked, reluctantly.

"Surely not—not—"

"Do you think that Sir Henry Greville's fate is utterly indifferent to you?" he said, looking keenly at her.

"Sir Henry was a kind patron. I should be glad to hear of his recovery. But that ought not to pardon this outrage," she answered, impatiently. "You are jesting most insolently with me, my lord."

"Suppose it were the Duke of St. Maur? Do you not wish to hear of him and his happiness?" he persisted.

It was well that she was prepared by the tidings which Eustace Downes had brought, but even as it was the warm bloom mantled her cheek at the name.

"Perhaps I have already heard of the marriage to which you allude," she replied. "In any case it cannot affect me in the slightest degree."

"I am glad to hear that," resumed Lord Dudley, "as it will make matters far more easily arranged. One more question, Miss Tyrell. Suppose I had tidings of your father—what then?"

She sprang forward as if a bombshell had struck her.

"Is he living? Where is he?" she exclaimed. "Oh, Lord Dudley, I will bless you for ever if you can ease my heart of this dreadful load—if you can take me to him. In pity do not keep me in suspense."

"It rests with yourself, Miss Tyrell," he answered, coolly. "If you are willing I can very quickly satisfy you of your father's fate, though as yet I do not even tell you whether he is living or dead. Still I have sure tidings of him, which I will soon give you when you have vouchsafed me an answer."

"What answer? What do you want?" she gasped.

"Your heart—your hand, Rosalind. That is the dearest and most coveted possession that the world possesses for me. It is the only gift that will purchase the information that is of such vital importance to you."

"It is impossible," she returned, with a look of pleading agony that would have melted a stone. "No human being could be so cruel—so unnatural. Lord Dudley, I tell you candidly that I doubt you. I cannot, I do not believe that you have the information which you pretend to sell at such a cost."

"Shall I swear to you that I can give it you?" he returned. "Shall I offer even to release you from any promise that you may make to me if I do not fulfil mine? Will that satisfy you?"

She paused for a few moments.

Her eyes were fixed earnestly on his face as if to pierce into his inmost thoughts, but his look did not blanch before hers. There was at least truth in what he had told her.

Not one quiver, not a trace of fear or uneasiness betrayed the consciousness of wrong, and her sole hope of escape from that terrible alternative vanished as this certainty strengthened in her mind.

Lord Dudley perceived his advantage and pursued it.

"Listen to me, Rosalind," he said. "I will soon show you that I am not to be considered as an utterly unworthy of you. Just think of what I am about to do. I know perfectly well the secrets of your heart. I know all the risks I am about to run in marrying you. Your love is given to a man who has proved utterly incapable to the treasure he has won. You yourself contend that your birth is obscure and inferior to my own. I pledge myself to treat you as if you had loved me with your whole soul; I ask your hand as earnestly and humbly as if you were a princess. I offer you the tidings which a most anxious research has brought to my knowledge as an additional inducement. Surely the most humble lover can do no more, and few women would obtain so much from me, let their rank be what it might."

There was an amount of truth in what he said which was enough to stagger and perplex the most conscientious or the most devoted maiden.

Rosalind Tyrell sat down in utter perplexity on a chair near her, and covered her face with her hands, as if to shut out external objects and think without their distracting presence. There were so many temptations to bias her choice.

The womanly triumph over Clinton St. Maur, in the mute evidence it would give of her perfect indifference to his choice; the exemption from danger and toil and solitude; the possession of an unstained name; the certain knowledge of her father's fate, were all most tempting inducements to listen to Dudley Vyvian's pleading.

She wavered in her utter repugnance to such a union—nay, once the words that would fix her fate trembled on her lips, and her hands were for a moment withdrawn to express the decision to which she had come. But even as she did so the half-triumphant, half-ecstatic gaze which she caught bent upon her face strengthened the weakness to which she was about to yield, and she became once more her own true, noble self.

"Lord Dudley," she said, in tones that trembled even against her will, "you try me sorely, but I trust in Heaven, which can over-rule all things and bring to light the truth without my acting a falsehood in its sight. I do not love, I do not respect you—nay, this very outrage extinguished the last spark of confidence or gratitude which I might have felt for your choice of so obscure a person for your wife."

"Stay, stay, Rosalind; do not condemn me so harshly," he said. "Remember to what you have driven me; remember that my only chance of winning even a hearing from you was thus to compel you to listen and to consider my claims on you. Besides," he added, significantly, "you can scarcely ignore that from this moment you are to a great extent in my

power. A girl who has been at this time of night in the house of an unmarried man can scarcely feel that her reputation is altogether unstained."

It was the crowning point, the last drop in the cup. Rosalind's contempt and scorn flashed from her brilliant eyes in lightning-like and withering indignation.

"It is enough," she said. "If I had hesitated before I could not doubt now. He who can be guilty of such baseness must be utterly unworthy of credit or trust. Lord Dudley, I defy your threats, and I distrust what you have used as an engine to bend me to your will! I will not be your wife—no, not if you were a monarch—no earthly power should induce me to listen to you!"

"What if I detain you here—if I use the power I have gained?" he answered, bitterly. "What defence have you against me, proud girl? I can easily elude suspicion. No one can trace you here, and the poor, weak creature of whom you have taken on yourself the charge will die in your absence, alone and in misery."

She quailed for a moment under his scornful triumph, but the very extremity of her position gave her courage.

"I do not fear you," she said, calmly. "The Heaven which is above us all will over-rule your base designs and bring to light your dark deeds in its own time and way. You dare not, you will not bring such a load of guilt on your soul!"

He turned from her, and paced the room with hurried steps. There was a fierce struggle going on within him.

At length his resolve seemed taken, and he turned towards her with a strangely different expression and manner from any she had yet seen in him.

"You ask too much at my hands, Miss Tyrell," he said, coldly. "I have you and all dearest to you so completely in my power that it were to throw wantonly away all the advantages I have gained if I freed you so unconditionally as you demand. What would you say if I were to inform Sir Ralph Darcy where his crazed wife can be found, and if I were to withdraw from the sufferer of whom I spoke to you but now the care and attendance necessary to life? Yet I can do all this, and you—you scorn me, you defy me, and expect me to relinquish every advantage as if our positions were reversed!"

"I do not—I do not," she said, sweetly, laying her hand on his arm with a touching pleadingness of tone and manner that totally changed her expression.

"Lord Dudley, you will be amply rewarded for the conquest over yourself; you will thank me in after days for saving you from crime and misery. Ask yourself whether you could live with a stained name, a burdened conscience, and a wife who feared and distrusted you as a tyrant? Only be true to yourself, only break the chain that binds you nobler, better self, and the peace you will secure will reward you for all the passing pain you may feel. Will you not earn my lasting gratitude, my esteem, my sympathy, my deep regard?"

"Alas! Rosalind, but not your love," he exclaimed, sadly. "And I cannot give you up."

"You must," she said, firmly. "You may gain revenge, but no power you can use will win me to be aught but your friend."

"I know you love another," he said, the dark, fierce look coming again over his face. "Will you swear never to marry him, Rosalind? That at least is but a fair return for all you ask of me. If you demand a sacrifice, it is for you to set the example of such nobleness."

"And I will," she said, eagerly. "I will not hesitate where only my personal feelings or interests are concerned. I will not marry any one unless you yourself free me from the bond. Only free me at once, and end this miserable farce," she added, impatiently.

"You must hate me indeed to be so anxious to rid yourself of my presence," he said, reproachfully. "However, let it be so. I will at once order my carriage to take you to your home, on condition that you permit me to see you there. I may find it expedient to have an interview with you, and for your own sake I must secure the certainty of obtaining it."

She bowed her head in assent—her eyes still strained impatiently on the door.

"One moment, and it shall be the last," he resumed. "You must always keep me in communication with you. Rosalind, even yet I expect to alter your feelings towards me in time. Besides, the information which I possess is of such vital importance to your future career that it were simple madness to forfeit your chance of obtaining it."

"For the present," she said, coldly, "it would be difficult for me to prevent your obtaining the certainty of my whereabouts, Lord Dudley. The Signora Rosamunda, as I am now called, will not be able to secure privacy. Now, be so good as to lose no more time," she said. "Every moment that I am

away from my poor charge may be fatal in its consequences. Even now I am perhaps the innocent cause of her death; I may find her a corpse on my return. Lord Dudley, you may thank Heaven if you have not the curse of blood on your soul."

He shuddered involuntarily at the low-toned words, but still the demon of passion was in his heart as he turned away and left the room to make the needful arrangements. He registered a vow that he would still win the huntsman's daughter for his bride—ay, and with her own free consent.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

For nothing could a charm impart
To soothe the maiden's woe;
For grief was heavy at her heart,
And tears began to flow.

LADY BEATRICE THORNHILL was sitting by the couch on which Geraldine Darcy reposed, as pale and weak and fragile as ever her unhappy mother could have appeared in her suffering life. The dark, penetrating eyes of the lady were fixed on the young sufferer as she lay there, with the transparent lids covering the blue orbs, and her pale lips just quivering with the feeble respiration that alone told of her consciousness.

Perhaps a remorseful pang did sometimes cross that stern breast as she looked on one who so forcibly recalled the helpless rival she had done so much to crush and humble to the very dust, for she bent over the invalid with a softer gaze than was her wont, and even pressed a light kiss on the pale, damp brow, from which every feverish flush had now disappeared.

Suddenly Geraldine opened her eyes, and fixed them full on Lady Beatrice with a questioning, eager look.

"Lady Beatrice," she said, "tell me the truth. Am I dying?"

The question was a startling one, but happily there was a possibility of answering it without actual falsehood.

"The physicians say you are better, my love. It only needs time to recover your strength," was the reply.

"Does Clinton think so? Does he wish it?" resumed the girl, suddenly.

"My dear child, what a question. Of course the duke is extremely unhappy about you. He only needs permission to come to you, and as soon as you are well enough your wedding is to be solemnized, with only your father and myself as witnesses, in order that he may at once take you to Italy for the complete restoration of your strength. So you must try and recover as quickly as possible," added Lady Beatrice, with a forced smile.

Geraldine replied at first only by a melancholy shake of her head, and again there was a deep silence in the chamber, so that when the girl's feeble voice again sounded it actually sent a thrill through even the stern heart of Lady Beatrice.

"I will see Clinton," she said, "but not yet, not yet. Lady Beatrice," she went on, laying her thin hand on that of her companion, "do you know I have had strange revelations since I have been so ill. I have heard and seen when you all thought me unconscious, and I must not be false when the angels themselves told me what to do. Nay, I am not mad," she said, with a faint smile as she saw the astonished look on her companion's face; "but I must tell you all, and you must answer me, Lady Beatrice, or I shall go mad even before I die."

"You must keep quiet till you are stronger," said the lady, soothingly, a deep flush mounting to her own cheeks at the girl's words, "then I will listen to you."

"No, no, I cannot wait. I will not talk much," returned Geraldine, "but you must answer the questions I have to ask. Lady Beatrice, did my father love you before he married my mother? Nay, do not look so angry, I only ask it as a sacred confidence to one who will not be long on earth to preserve or to betray it, and listen, Lady Beatrice—dear Lady Beatrice if you will. I know full well that he loves you now—ay, and has long done so—better than my poor, poor mother. Only, will you tell me why they have married her instead of you? and was that why they have been so unhappy?"

The girl looked and spoke like one almost inspired, so different was her whole manner from that of the timid, simple child whom the lightest look or word of her father or of Lady Beatrice would have crushed with terror into silence.

The solemn tone in the stillness of the dimly-lighted chamber, when all else in the vast mansion were hushed in sleep, was like a voice from the other world—not to be resented or refused.

"Geraldine, these are strange questions. Surely you cannot expect me to answer them," said Lady Beatrice, gently. "Tell me why do you ask? what has put such wild fancies in your head?"

"Because I believe that I ought to be satisfied of

the truth," said the girl, calmly. "I have too much at stake to dare to pursue the course which has been fatal to others. Lady Beatrice, by your own experience, by all your hopes of peace and pardon, answer me—Has not the misery of my parents' life been caused by the mistake in my father's choice of my poor, unhappy mother as his wife?"

The girl gazed up in the lady's face with a calm questioning look which did not admit of falsehood or reticence in the reply.

"Child, you are too young. I dare not trust you," said the lady, bowing her head.

"You may trust the dying when they promise to hold such confidences sacred," said Geraldine, calmly. "It is but as a dying girl that I dare to ask such questions. One word, Lady Beatrice. Am I not right in my belief that you and Sir Ralph loved each other before he married my mother? Is it not so?"

It was a strange transformation from the timid, almost child-like submission of the young heiress of Darcy to the firm and fearless questioning that almost avowed the bold spirit of Beatrice Thornhill.

"If I were to answer you, Geraldine, how could I believe in your secrecy?" murmured the lady. "And Heaven help me! of what avail would be such revelations after such a lapse of years?"

"Lady Beatrice, since I have lain on my sick-bed all has seemed so different to me," returned the girl, calmly. "I feel years older than on that wretched day, and, besides, a second sight appears given to me, all unlike anything I ever knew before. I can bear now that which once would have crushed me to the very death. And I cannot act—I cannot rest—till my doubts are satisfied."

"Geraldine, you have hated me. I know it. I dare not trust you!" returned the lady.

"Then I have been wrong. Forgive me. I can pity you from my heart if you did love in vain," said the girl, with gentle sweetness. "But why did he—my father, I mean—marry when he loved you?"

"Geraldine, he was poor—for his rank, I mean—and your mother was an heiress. Besides, I do not believe that he knew then how little she could satisfy his tastes and sympathies. They were not suited, and they were wretched—that is the truth. But, on my honour, as I shall one day lie on a death-bed, I am not guilty, Geraldine, save of returning the love I had won long, long years since, and of devoting my whole life to his will, in waiting for the hour when such devotion would not be guilt!"

The girl's eyes were earnestly fixed on the subdued face, which till then had ever worn so stern and commanding an expression for her.

"I see it all—all!" she said. "It has been misery for all, and the first pang—the very death of the heart's fondest hopes—would have been better than such long torture. It is well I know in time."

"Geraldine, tell me what has put such ideas into your head? Why do you talk so strangely?" returned Lady Beatrice, softly.

"I heard some sentences when you and he were talking, and you thought me insensible; they mingled with my dreams, and all floated before me like a long, long picture," returned the girl. "So much that had puzzled me was clear then, and now I do not wish to know more."

Lady Beatrice shuddered.

Alas, alas! that poor, innocent child might well shrink from the fearful revelations that lay buried under the ruins of her ancestral home, revelations which she, bold as she was, only ventured to shadow dimly to herself in the silence and obscurity of solitude and darkness.

"I would like to see Clinton to-morrow, Lady Beatrice. Will you send for him?" resumed the girl, after a pause.

"It will be too agitating for you. Wait till you are stronger," remonstrated the lady.

"I shall not be stronger till it is over," said the girl. "I must speak to him, and alone, or I shall go mad with these wretched doubts and fears!"

"Child, you have promised!" exclaimed Lady Beatrice, fearfully.

"I have, and I am a Darcy. I never stained my lips with a falsehood," said Geraldine, with a faint gleam of pride. "Fear not, Lady Beatrice. You have told me very little. I have only asked your confidence so far as it seemed necessary to me, and him. What I have extracted from you is sacredly secret as an oath could have made it. Now will you send for him?"

"I will. Now rest," said Beatrice, drawing the curtains over the couch and arranging the pillows for the invalid.

She left the chair in which she had been sitting, and threw herself in a large fauteuil, where she was concealed from Geraldine's view.

It was a night of torture for the unhappy woman. The words of that innocent girl had, as it were, painted in graphic and flaming characters the story of her life,

What had it been in the past?

Guilty and selfish love for a hard, unscrupulous man; cruelty to an innocent and helpless woman—a slow and lingering murder of mind and body of a victim whose sole crime was her existence.

And the future, what did that promise?

The same load of guilt—the same fearful risks of detection and punishment—the same barren fruits for those wretched seeds of crime.

"Heaven help me!" she exclaimed, at length. "I cannot draw back. I cannot give him up. I have sworn to be faithful to the last, and I must play my miserable part till the end. Viola, Viola, I am more to be pitied than you are, for I am guilty, and you are innocent! The brief years of feverish happiness which may yet be mine will but poorly compensate for the retribution which awaits the criminal indulgence of passion and revenge. But, at least, I will snatch them while I can. It is too late to retract. I will banish thought and go on—in my career! Beatrice Thornhill, be true to yourself! This is but the weakness of an hour, which daylight will remove. Ralph Darcy's wife shall, at least, command respect from him and all!"

With a powerful effort the unhappy woman calmed the tempest, which, was convulsing her very frame, and at length sank into a kind of half-slumber that lulled the throbbing pain of her temples and restored the shaken nerves to their iron firmness. The hour for real repentance had not come. Would she ever shed its soothing, refreshing tears?

"Clinton, this is good and kind of you," said Geraldine Darcy, feebly extending her little, thin hand to her lover's grasp, as he sat down by the sofa on which she had been laid the day after her midnight dialogue with Beatrice Thornhill. "I have been only a weak and wearisome burden on you ever since you first saw me. Dear Clinton, do you remember the day when Rosalind Tyrell saved my life, and I, silly, weak girl, fainted, and she was so brave? That should have been a warning to you, and to me also, dearest."

"What can you mean, my darling?" returned the duke, pressing her little hand in his, though he bent over her pillow so as to shade his features from her gaze. "What warning could there be where my sweet Geraldine was in question?"

"Clinton, you deceive yourself, though you would never willingly deceive me, or any one," returned the girl, with wonderful calmness. "Your heart made its choice on that day, and it has not been a traitor in its real feelings yet. It was very averse to think otherwise, but, thank Heaven, it is not too late! You love Rosalind—you only pity poor Geraldine, because she is helpless, and because she clings to you. But that is not a true, real choice of her for your companion and friend and honoured wife. No, no, you would not be happy, and she would be miserable also. Is it not so, dear Clinton?"

"Geraldine, this is simply nonsense!" he exclaimed, impatiently. "Have I not assured you again and again that I would not marry Rosalind Tyrell were she at my very feet, swearing love and faith to me, false and worthless as she is?"

"But if it were not so, if there were some mistake, if she were true and good—oh, Clinton, the love is in your heart or you would not be so angry," she argued, shaking her head with a sweet sadness in her smile that touched his heart to the quick.

"Could she be sweeter or dearer than my Geraldine?" he said. "My darling, cease this torture, I entreat you. Why will you doubt me and yourself so cruelly? Let that unhappy girl take her own course. It is enough that I know her to be unworthy. Can you not trust me, Geraldine—me, your plighted lover, your all but husband?"

He stooped down, and would have passed his arm round her slight form, and drawn her to his bosom, but she waved him back with a gesture of gentle, deprecating dignity.

"Not yet, not yet, Clinton, I love you too well to risk my own certain misery and yours also. I have thought and thought till my brain has well-nigh reeled with the struggle. Clinton, I know that I am not suited to you, and in your generous heart you must feel it also."

"You are beautiful, young, well born, gentle. What can I want more?" he said, with averted eyes.

"You want a loftier nature, a nobler intellect, Clinton—one who can sympathize with you in all things, and raise instead of lowering you," replied the girl. "I should die with grief if I saw you were dwelling on the mistake you had made. Suppose you were to find that Rosalind Tyrell were innocent as I am—she, whom you first chose, Clinton, for your heart's love? Oh, Clinton, I should be so jealous and wretched, and you—you would hate me and wish me dead!"

"Geraldine," he said, reproachfully, "is this your opinion of me? Am I such a monster in your eyes?"

"No, no, no. But, Clinton, I have seen it, and, thank Heaven, I know I am too weak to venture on such a terrible risk! I should make you wretched, and be odious to you, if I fancied one cold look—one word. I am not well or strong enough to bear it, Clinton."

"Who could be cold to you, Geraldine?" he murmured, his eyes moistening as he looked at that pale young face. "I entreat you to dismiss all such morbid fancies. Why should they destroy the happiness of our two lives?"

"Clinton, the truth is not in your voice nor your eyes," said the girl, with gentle firmness. "Tell me with your eyes on mine that you do not love this beautiful Rosalind, that I should be your free choice whatever happened? Then I will believe you. But then it will be on your conscience, not mine, if misery come from it. You could not deceive me surely, Clinton, when I may perhaps be dying?"

He rose hastily and paced the room for a few seconds, then he resumed his seat by the couch and took the girl's hand in his with a respectful tenderness all unlike the cherishing superiority that had usually marked his manner to Sir Ralph's daughter.

"You set me a noble example, Geraldine, and I will not disgrace your confidence if you can really hear the truth without misunderstanding and hating me. I do love you, dearest, from my heart; I was drawn to you the first time that I saw your youthful beauty, your sweetness, your gentleness, and, please Heaven, I will ever be to you a loving and faithful husband. But it is also true, as you have divined, that my wayward heart was touched, fascinated, infatuated if you will, by the remarkable girl of whom you are not jealous but too keenly distrustful. And—"

"And she would have been—she was your heart's free choice. Was it not so?" interrupted Geraldine, with quivering lips, that told of the poor, sick heart's agony.

"Geraldine, what can I say? You insist on the truth. If Rosalind had been in my own rank—ay, or if she had been good and noble as I at first thought her, even obscure and lowly born as she is, I would have given years of my life or half my fortune to win her for my bride. But, as it is, I tell you, as I hope for mercy in my last hour, that my only consolation is in you and your precious love. You will soothe my perverse heart in its remorse and its self-reproach, and be the care and the sole object of my life, so long as we are spared to each other. Will that suffice for you? Can you be happy with such half-devotion, such unworthy return for your fresh young love?"

She gazed in his face once more; she nestled her little hand in his grasp, and bright tears glistened in her blue eyes.

"I know you speak truly now, Clinton," she said, softly. "It is bitter and sweet, too; but from this hour there must be no secrets between us, whatever others may think and say. And, first, you must do her justice, Clinton. You must prove that your suspicions are correct—then I will be yours—ay, and so happy, so safe, dearest!"

"Geraldine, you must not delay our marriage for such wild fancies," he said, kissing her brow. "I shall be at rest when that is over. I will only think of you—devote myself to you—and forget her."

"Not yet; I am not well enough yet; I never shall be till all is sure and known," she returned. "Can nothing be done? Will you not find out where she is, dear Clinton? She came abroad, you know, and you must have seen her or you would not speak so bitterly."

The duke dared not trust himself with the ordeal that Geraldine proposed. He knew, too well, the real power of the huntsman's daughter over his heart, the strange, irresistible fascination her lofty character possessed for him, and that another interview with her would be fatal to his own honour and the peace of that fast-fading girl.

"It cannot be. The proofs are too strong, Geraldine," he resumed. "But one thing I will do to satisfy you, then I shall claim you without farther delay for my own darling little wife. I will write to one who has been on the scene of all her doubtful triumphs—her consequent disgrace—and learn from him the result of his own search—his own investigation into the mystery that hung over her. And unless she has disproved the imputations that have rested on her name, I swear to you, Geraldine, that I will tear the clinging folly from my very heart-strings, and that the tender and true affection I have ever borne to you since the very hour I saw you will deepen into the real and engrossing love which a husband should feel for her whom he swears to cherish as himself before Heaven's altar!"

Geraldine's head drooped on her lover's shoulder in mute assent.

(To be continued.)

MONUMENT TO HARVEY.—Preliminary steps have been taken at Folkestone—the birthplace of the il-

lustrous author of the *Circulation of the Blood*—to mark the tercentenary of Harvey by the erection of a suitable public monument to one of the greatest of Englishmen and most illustrious of the world's true heroes. It is not to the credit of our country that no such public monument exists.

FEMININE COURAGE.—A few days ago a young lady, residing near Portree, while dressing on the beach after bathing, observed a large fish swimming near the shore. Having read of the capture of several sharks on the coast lately, she felt slightly timid at first to encounter the monster, but resolved, shark or no shark, to make the attempt; so in she plunged, half-dressed as she was, and after several efforts managed to grasp and land the fish, which weighed no less than 35 lbs., and proved to be a small specimen of the sun fish—very rare in those waters. After this we must not indulge in the delusion that men have a monopoly of pluck.

SCIENCE.

A GREAT ELECTRO-MAGNET.—The Stevens Institute of Technology has an electro-magnet, made in Ansonia, Conn., which weighs about 1,600 pounds, and has a lifting force estimated at between thirty and fifty tons. About 400 pounds of copper wire, one-fifth of an inch thick, is wound on eight spools, each 9½ inches high by 1½ inches external diameter. The cores are hollow, and six inches in diameter by three feet three inches in length. This magnet is about five times as powerful as that used by Faraday in his famous researches.

COLOURS CHANGED BY HEAT.—Professor E. G. Houston and Mr. Elihu Thompson, have recently made a series of experiments to ascertain the law by which the colour of various salts and oxides is changed by the action of obscure heat rays. The substances under examination were placed, in the state of dry powder, on strips of sheet copper, which were heated by means of an ordinary Bunsen burner. Coloured bodies, which did not return to their original tint on being cooled, were excluded from the experiment. It was found that in all cases in which the colour of a body is changed by the application of heat, and the original colour regained on cooling, the nature of the body being in no wise altered, the character of the change is as follows: The addition of heat causes the colour to pass from one of a greater to one of a less number of vibrations; the abstraction of heat from one of less to one of greater number. Violeta are changed by heat into indigo-violeta, or indigos; indigos into blues; blues into bluish-greens, or greens; greens into yellowish-greens, or yellows; yellows into yellow-oranges, or oranges; oranges into orange-reds, or reds; and, finally, reds into brownish-reds, or blacks. Upon the application of cold the inverse order is observed. In many instances substances were noticed that ran down the scale two or more colours. For example, the green iodide of mercury passes from a yellowish-green through the yellow and orange to the red. The experiments prove that the waves producing heat being slower than those producing light, have a retarding effect on the latter, and change the rate of oscillation; it being previously well settled that the waves producing the extreme violet have nearly double the velocity of those producing dark red.

THE NEW 16-POUNDER.—General Blumenthal and others of the foreign officers at the Autumn Campaign recently made a careful inspection of the new 16-pounder gun, seeing it unlimbered and worked in every way. There were exclamations of high approval of the piece, its carriage, and the handling of the eight-horse team as the gun was turned sharply to and fro at a trot, taken through narrow openings and over ditches. The piece itself weighs about 11 cwt. 3 qrs., or 1 cwt. 3 qrs. less than the old smooth-bore 9-pounder, with which even some Horse Artillery batteries were armed in the Crimea, and yet is of much greater power. It was really useless to fire the 9-pounder at ranges above 1,600 yards, or at most 1,800. The 16-pounder sends its projectile of nearly twice the weight 4,000 yards with great accuracy, and with an elevation of only 11 deg. 22 min., time of flight not quite 14 seconds. The gun on its carriage, with 28 rounds of ammunition, weighs but little more than the old 9-pounder, and considerably less than the old 24-pounder howitzer, two of which formed part of each 9-pounder battery. The force of the 16-pounder projectile is great, for the velocity is high, and elongated projectiles strike hard. It has also been found to give extraordinary results in accuracy when loaded with small charges and elevated like a mortar, so that men are not safe from it even in rifle-pits. The iron carriage is a vast improvement on the old wooden one, and the seats on the axle-tree boxes enable five men altogether to be carried with the piece to work it in action even when the wagons are left behind. As a mule-loader it has none of the complications necessary with breech-

loaders, both in gun and ammunition. Its accuracy is most remarkable. Its only fault is that it is rather light for the charge fired, the result being that the recoil is great. But the strength of the carriage is so much in excess of what is necessary that there can be no harm in adjusting a break to the wheels if after trial the recoil be found to be inconvenient. It may be so in some cases, but, as a rule, recoil matters nothing to guns in the open.

A CENSUS OF FACTORY HANDS.—Some idea of the magnitude of the interests involved in the textile industry of the United Kingdom may be gathered from the fact that the number of persons actually employed in the mills, factories, and works, now falls little short of 1,000,000. Including printing, bleaching, and dye works, with other auxiliary processes, the exact number of persons in the 7,545 establishments of Great Britain and Ireland, according to a recent publication of Messrs. Redgrave and Baker, the Factory Inspectors, was, last year, 973,267, the larger half being females, namely, 563,077, the males amounting to 410,190. They were thus distributed through the various branches of employment:

Factories in 1870.	No.	Number of Hands employed.		
		Males.	Females.	Total.
For spinning and weaving:				
Cotton.....	2,483	173,397	271,690	450,087
Wool.....	1,829	63,143	61,987	125,130
Shoddy.....	120	1,906	1,910	3,816
Worsted.....	630	45,094	63,463	108,557
Flax.....	500	38,096	86,676	124,772
Hemp.....	35	1,442	1,708	3,150
Jute.....	63	4,372	13,198	17,570
Silk.....	698	13,987	34,137	48,124
Hair.....	37	745	1,594	2,339
Lace.....	224	5,998	2,372	8,370
Hosiery.....	129	4,591	5,098	9,689
Elastic Web.....	61	2,759	1,984	4,743
For embellishing the fabrics, &c.:				
Calico printing.....	96	20,051	5,475	25,526
Other print works.....	53	4,114	638	4,752
Bleaching and dyeing.....	439	23,301	7,323	31,427
Calendering, &c.....	150	3,558	744	4,302
Total.....	7,545	410,190	563,077	973,267

The return issued for 1868 gave only 401,064 persons as engaged in the cotton mills. Their prosperity is shown by the addition of 49,000 hands in the course of two short years. Indeed, within a trifle, King Cotton gives as much employment as he did immediately before the American war, when 451,569 toiling subjects owned his sway. This was in 1861. In wool there has been a slight diminution of briskness as compared with 1868; about 2,000 fewer hands being engaged. In worsted, however, the falling off is more serious, 22,000 hands less than in 1868. But the woollen trade between 1861 and 1868 was enormously stimulated by the cotton famine, and the complete revival of Lancashire's staple has naturally depressed it somewhat. The silk mills are doing better, having work for 7,000 more hands than they could use two years ago. The flax mills are employing 5,000 more persons than they did in 1868, and 37,000 more hands than in 1861. Putting gains against losses and striking the balance we ought to be well content. The total of the hands engaged in all kinds of spinning and weaving in 1868 was 858,000; the corresponding return for 1870 was 907,000.

A MONSTER HAMMER.—Good news! The royal gun factories at Woolwich are to be largely extended. Part of the machinery to be placed in the new works will be a striking-hammer, the head of which will weigh twenty tons. The largest now in use weighs twelve tons.

UNPLEASANT CONTRETEMPS.—A few days since Prince de Polignac married Mlle. de Bagnaux. The "happy couple," to use the time-honoured phrase invented by our old friend Jenkins, started for Dieppe to spend the honeymoon. Arrived at Roken, they found the train for Dieppe would not start for two hours, and therefore determined to go on to Havre instead. But, lo and behold! on their arrival there, passports were called for. "I have no passports," quoth the bridegroom. "I am Prince de Polignac." "Mighty fine," retorted the policeman; "we know that joke, my friend—it's rather stale—come along." The bride wept, the bridegroom entreated, and prevailed on the police superintendent to send a telegram to the father-in-law:—"A man calling himself Prince de Polignac, just arrested at Havre, says he is your son-in-law. Is it the case?" Back came the answer:—"The man must be an impostor. My daughter and son-in-law have gone to Dieppe." Thereupon the happy couple were hauled off to the look-up, where they had to spend their wedding night. It was not until the following day that the matter was cleared up.



LUKE'S PROBATION.

CHAPTER XVI.

What rein can hold licentious wickedness?

Henry F.

It was a neat, pretty cottage, surrounded by a well-kept garden, that constituted the home of Madame Frouchette—a cottage in the village of Roselle, some fifty miles from Paris. Madame was a widow, with twin children, a boy and girl, whose father had died before they were born. She was much beloved in the village, being of a gentle and amiable disposition, ever ready to help the distressed or visit the sick, and never lacking some little dainty to tempt a weak palate.

She was slight and small of stature, fair of complexion, with a soft, sweet voice, covering a somewhat defective accent.

Madame had lived in the village for many years, but some of the inhabitants remembered that when she first came among them she could not speak one word of French. Some said that she was an Italian; others, a Prussian; others still, an Irishwoman; but none of them really knew.

Madame Frouchette gained a livelihood by fine sewing, and, fortunately, there were a few wealthy families in the neighbourhood who kept her constantly employed. The children of madame—now sixteen years old—were good, pious, and physically beautiful. The girl, Marie—so like her good mother, yet bearing in her face, the neighbours said, a look of “the proud English”—was spoken of as the fairest specimen of modest beauty for miles around.

Madame's son, Jean, was now at school in Paris, and her needle had to fly very fast to keep him there. Marie went to the convent-school just outside the village.

Madame Frouchette generally sent her work home by Marie, whose gentle manners were acceptable to the ladies for whom she worked. But it fell out one day that the kind-hearted widow was sent for to give her advice on a neighbour's child badly scalded, and, working with her own busy hands till the doctor arrived, she had trespassed on the time allotted for her sewing. Consequently the evening was far advanced when the work promised that day was completed and carefully folded in madame's own neat basket.

“Marie,” she said, “I am afraid to let you take it home, for it is already getting dark, and the way to the house of Buena Vista is very lonely, so I myself shall go.”

“Ah! no, my mother,” answered the girl, rising

[THE STRANGE GENTLEMAN.]

quickly. “You are tired, and I have accomplished such a little sewing—please let me go.”

“Are you not afraid of the lonely way?”

“No, my mother. Have I not Heaven and my guardian angel to protect me?”

“Then go, my child, and be as quickly back as you can.”

Down the village street went the fair girl, gaily saluting her neighbours and speaking kindly to the children, by whom she was hailed on all sides.

She noticed, as she passed the little inn, that a strange gentleman stood within its porch, hastily drinking a goblet of wine. He was a fine, haughty-looking man, with a most beautiful hand, she noticed, as he raised the glass; but his countenance, which might once have been very handsome and fair, was now bloated and besotted by dissipation and evil thoughts. He happened to turn his eyes on her as she glanced at him, and, in an instant, the goblet had slipped from his nerveless grasp and was shattered at his feet.

Marie trembled with an undefined fear, and hastened on, with flushed cheeks and wildly beating heart. At an abrupt turning of the road, just as the house of Buena Vista was before her eyes, she met a young man in a loose sailor's dress, and with a careless, free-and-easy gait. His eyes rested with no small degree of admiration on the excited face of the young girl, and, out of sheer curiosity to hear her speak, he asked, in broken French, the way to the nearest inn.

Marie took a hasty glance at him, and, being assured by the honest eyes, answered without fear.

He appeared to pass on his way then, as she did on hers, but, after taking a few steps, he turned and stood still, watching her.

She was not long in delivering her parcel to the ladies and resuming her homeward journey, but it was with trembling limbs. She had passed through the dark gardens, and out of the gate into the lonely road, when a hand suddenly grasped her arm.

Looking up, she, even in the darkness, recognized the face that bent low over her to be that of the gentleman who had stood in the inn-porch, and she gave vent to a wild shriek.

“Hush!” he cried; “I'll do you no harm. I only want to ask you one question. Who is your—?”

“Ah, no, monsieur!” she screamed; “you only want to murder me!”

“Murder!” he exclaimed, suddenly dropping her arm. “Who talks of murder?”

Marie, without waiting to answer him, so soon as she was free, fled away like the wind, and he, setting his teeth fiercely, started to follow her.

On she flew, with desperate speed, yet felt that he was gaining on her with every instant, till at last his dreaded hand touched her shoulder, and, giving one prolonged shriek, she fell, with great violence, on her face in the middle of the road.

The pursuer would have stumbled over her had he not suddenly received a blow on the side of the head that sent him spinning, and almost senseless, to the other side of the road.

“There, take that, you lubber!” spoke a voice, in unmistakable English.

The owner of the voice lifted up the prostrate girl, and tenderly wiped the dust and blood from her face with his large blue-and-white pocket-handkerchief.

“Cheer up, little lass!” he said, in his broken French; “that miserable coward won't hurt you for a time.”

“Won't he?” hissed a voice in his ear, and, turning, they saw the girl's recovered pursuer standing before them, drawing a pistol from his breast.

“Do you see that, you dog?” he cried as he pointed it at the other's breast.

But the sailor—for it was he—had sprung up like a flash, and was wrestling with him for possession of the pistol.

As the men were about equal in strength, and fought with a deadly bitterness, Marie was soon in consternation to see them rolling and struggling in the dusty road.

“Ah, what shall I do?—what shall I do?” she cried. “They will kill each other, and all for me!”

Just then the sound of carriage wheels stirred the air, and Marie, thinking to get help, ran a short distance to meet it. As the carriage approached she saw that it was an open one, driven by a stout coachman, and containing one lady.

“Oh, madame!” cried the poor girl; “help! help! or they will kill each other!”

“Stop, Jacques!” cried the lady. “Now, my child—to Marie—what is the matter?”

“Oh, madame, the gentleman ran after me to murder me, and the sailor saw and struck him. So now they are murdering each other.”

“Go on, Jacques!”

“Men!” cried the lady when the horses' feet had almost touched the struggling forms; “men, desist from your shameful conduct!”

To her surprise one of the contestants dashed into the shade by the roadside, and stood looking on, while the sailor rose up manfully and said:

“Madame, I only performed a man's part in protecting this frightened girl.”

The lady bowed haughtily and said:

"Come, my little girl, I will take you to Buena Vista, whither I am going, and they shall send you home. You," she added, indicating the sailor by her forefinger, "may sit with the coachman if you are going our way, and thus save farther quarrel with your antagonist."

"No, by heavens, madame," cried the other stranger, stepping forward from the shade, "you shall not take those vile tramps into my carriage. Remember that, at least, is my own, and dare again at your peril to interfere in my affairs."

The lady fell back among her cushions, and the carriage light showed her pale and faint as she cried, in bitter despair, covering her face with her hands:

"Oh, John, John!"

"Oh, mamma!" exclaimed Marie, sitting by the cottage window sewing, a few evenings afterwards. "Oh, mamma, there is the terrible gentleman that chased me the other night."

Up sprang Madame Frouchette, and up sprang a young man with a bandage on his head and his arm in a sling.

"He has an evil eye, and he is no Frenchman," spoke the young man with his arm in a sling, and wearing a sailor's dress. "Do you think him French, madame?" he asked, turning round.

But madame had sunk back in her chair with trembling hands and pallid face.

"Oh, my dear mamma, are you ill?" cried Marie, rushing over to her.

The widow only waved her away, and feebly answered:

"No;" then tottered more than walked to an inner room and shut the door.

"Perhaps your mamma knows him," conjectured the sailor.

"It may be," returned Marie, "for I know no more of my mother's history than the greatest stranger in this village, and I have never seen her so affected before."

The conversation was interrupted by the widow calling Marie.

When the girl entered the room her mother closed the door softly and said:

"Marie, I have a sad history attached to my life—a history that I shall tell you at some future time; and, my child, the man that assaulted you the other night is connected with it in a most fatal manner. I presume he is visiting at Buena Vista, so I shall be obliged to keep you within the cottage till he leaves the neighbourhood. Now, my child, let this never pass your lips, and try if possible to keep your mind from dwelling on it."

"But, mamma, will I have to stay away from school?"

"No, my dear; I will accompany you there every morning, and go for you at night."

"Oh, mamma, you can never accomplish so much, it will kill you."

"No, my child, more than that has not killed me; besides, you can help me with my sewing when you come home in the evening. Come, we must go into the other room."

So saying, she entered the little sitting-room of the cottage, and in a voice of regained serenity asked the sailor how his arm felt this evening.

"A little better, thank you, madame," he replied. "I wish it was well, so that I might not trespass any longer on your hospitality."

"You do not trespass, monsieur. We owe you a debt that can never be repaid. I suppose you are anxious to get to your home?"

"Home! No, madame; I have no home that I know of. The ocean has been my home since I was twelve years old."

"You did not run away, I hope?"

"Yes, I did," replied the young man, sadly; "and if you'll excuse my bad French, I'll tell you a story."

"You can tell it in English, if it is more agreeable to you," replied the widow, "for I perfectly understand that language, and Marie has learnt it from me."

"It's not much of a story," replied the sailor, speaking his own tongue freely, "but it is all I have to tell. From the time that I was an infant I believe my mother indulged me in everything, for I was her only child; but my father was just her reverse in disposition, and he so dwarfed and narrowed my life with his sternness and continual lectures that I grew up a defiant, bad boy. When I was about twelve years old he gave me a severe beating for laughing in church, so I ran away that same hour, got a cabin boy on a vessel, and sailed the next night, and I have been on the ocean more or less for the last sixteen years. My father and mother are Scotch; I am English by birth; and, although you call me monsieur, my name is Robert Hopkins. My vessel was wrecked off the coast about six weeks ago, so I took a notion to

wander through France for a few weeks, and here I am."

"Your mother," spoke madame, "did you never think of what she must have suffered?"

"Yes, madame, I always think of her in storm or calm. At night she is with me in my dreams, laying her cool hand on my brow. My heart longs to see her, but I dread to go back for fear I might find her dead."

There was a mist of tears in the sailor's voice as he ended, and the beautiful eyes of Marie were dilated with sympathy.

The heart of madame went out to this wild but tender-hearted young man when she heard his history, and with almost motherly tenderness she urged him to stay with them till he had thoroughly recovered from the wounds received in her daughter's defence. He was allowed as he grew stronger to take the place of madame as her daughter's escort to and from school, as it was quite necessary for her to have one, for scarcely a day passed but what the strange gentleman met them on some part of the way. Once he had an evil-looking companion with him, to whom he appeared to be pointing out the girl.

Another strange circumstance generally happened whenever they met the gentleman. Behind him came a lady, sometimes walking, at others riding, but always thickly veiled, and avoiding not only the glances of passers-by but the observance of the gentleman who preceded her, whom she seemed to be watching.

It was quite an epoch in the quiet life of Marie, and not an unpleasant one she thought, as she and her convalescent escort passed through the pleasant fields and under the shady cover of the whispering trees.

Rustling and sighing like the solemn ocean, what did they whisper to the heart of the beautiful village girl?

Why the same sweet secret that has stirred millions of human souls to forget their mortality and lift up the wings of their faith in supplication to Heaven—the secret that brightens youthful eyes, and sends a glow to the eager face—the secret that never has and never will grow old, that daily lifts up a nerveless arm with renewed strength to do and dare for beloved hearts.

Did madame see what all this would lead to?

CHAPTER XVII.

Death lies upon her like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.

Romeo & Juliet.

THE house of Buena Vista stood on the summit of a hill commanding a most picturesque view, and was surrounded by terraced gardens, fringed at the base by a belt of woodland.

In this shady cover sat a lady on horseback confronted by a gentleman also on horseback. The lady had once been Agnes Blanchard—she was still so in her soul—and not the wife of the man who sat opposite her. She was excited, and a red spot burned on either cheek, leaving her neck and brow like purest marble, but there were a calm courage and a noble heroism in her still clear eyes as she raised them to his face and said:

"John Moseley, I have stopped you to beg that, as a man, you will cease your pursuit of that innocent girl in the village."

"You may spare your trouble, madam. You go your way, I go mine."

And he essayed to pass her haughtily.

"Stay!" she said, placing her horse in front of him. "This day we will come to an explanation. I married you, John Moseley, sooner than break my given troth; but I believed every word of the story that Luke Peel told me. I read conviction in your face and truth in his honest voice. I was your wife only in the eyes of the world—in private we were worse than strangers; and although conscience forbade my course, the insufferable pride that was the base of my life urged me to it, till my dying father exacted my promise to begin a new life with you, and save you from drifting to ruin."

John Moseley drew his lips together in contempt as she slightly paused.

"I did try, as I promised. I would, with all the strength of a loving woman's soul, and how was I rewarded? My supplications were turned to naught, my endeavours spurned, my company forsaken for the vilest; and my heart fairly trampled upon in contempt."

He turned upon her with a face full of passion and reproach.

"Your endearments came too late," he said, bitterly. "And take this for your comfort—knew that there was a time when you might have saved me from sin, yet you only repulsed me by your pride and goaded me beyond endurance by your insolent coldness."

"You speak truly, and it is my greatest punishment now to think that I did so. But, John, it is

never too late to mend or begin a new life, so let us begin again from this day."

"Bah! I suppose the first act in the drama will be my relinquishment of the village beauty."

"Certainly," she replied, with a touch of her old haughtiness.

He snapped his fingers in her face, and in mock humility asked:

"Is there anything more?"

"Yes. I wish to know if you utterly reject my advances?"

"Utterly. I have gone too far to be fettered now."

"Then listen," she said, with dilating nostrils and flashing eyes. "I know the whole of the vile plan you have concocted to carry off the poor widow's daughter. And listen closer. I know who—"

She stooped forward and whispered the rest of the sentence in his ear, while he started back in horror.

"So you dare to threaten me?" he cried, livid with rage.

"No; but I shall certainly inform Madame Frouchette of the plan that is formed to carry off her child."

"You will, eh?"

He drew from his pocket a small and elaborately ornamented revolver, intending to frighten her or alter her determination, but just as he was about to point it at her erect and unflinching figure the cord of his riding-whip twitched the trigger and shot the unhappy lady through the body.

Her horse reared in sudden fright, then plunged madly forward, with his mistress clinging wildly to the reins.

Was her will adamant that no agony could shake? Or was it Providence that guided the frightened beast down the road that led to the village, then through the quiet street, till Agnes, faint with pain, released her hold and was thrown violently to the ground, almost into the very doorway of Madame Frouchette's cottage?

A little crowd had seen the horse rush madly by, and in a moment they gathered round the insensible lady and bore her into the widow's cottage. Some one ran for the doctor; another hastened to Buena Vista.

All was confusion and excitement; every one talked but did nothing else—every one but the pale Madame Frouchette, who, in the inner room, was disrobing Agnes and trying to restore her to consciousness.

"His two victims," she uttered as a tear fell softly on the fair face, proud even in its insensibility. "Oh, Heaven forgive him, for he has many accounts to answer!"

The first thing the doctor did on his arrival was to turn the indignant little crowd out of the cottage.

"As usual, you have done well, madame," he said, when he observed what the widow had done, and saw that the lady was returning to her senses. "How is this?" he cried as his eye caught the blood-stains on her breast. "O Ciel! madame, you have been shot!"

Agnes raised her hand languidly, dropped it again, and, in a very low voice, said:

"It was an accident. We were out riding, and the cord of my husband's whip caught in the trigger of his revolver and shot me."

"Where is he now?" asked the irate doctor.

"He may come," she replied, feebly, "when he knows—"

But the rest of her sentence was finished in a cry of pain as the doctor bared and probed the wound.

"She cannot be moved, she cannot be seen," was the inexorable answer of the doctor to all appeals when he had dressed her wounds.

In vain the lady's friends from Buena Vista implored to see her. The doctor asked them if they wanted to kill her, and, on being assured that they did not, he told them that they might remain in the little sitting-room, and every change in the lady he would inform them of, but at present he had little hopes of her.

His continual and uneasy glances down the street were not rewarded by the coming of or slightest information concerning John Moseley, for while life and death were battling in the cottage the faithless husband was flying at his horse's utmost speed to the nearest airport, and before the next day's sun had set he was in a stout vessel, sailing with a fair wind to a distant country.

Meanwhile Agnes had gradually sunk, and the doctor, coming out of the inner room to her friends, had said:

"If Madame Moseley has any near relatives you had better telegraph for them at once."

"Her mother and brother have been telegraphed for some time ago," they replied, "and are expected every moment."

Towards noon they came—a feeble lady, leaning on the arm of a handsome, refined young man.

As the doctor had given up all hope of his patient, he admitted them at once to the presence of the dying lady.

They found her calm, yet fully aware of her condition, as, looking up with a wan smile, she tried to comfort her stricken mother.

The young man was dreadfully agitated when he beheld the wreck of his once beautiful sister, of whom he had been so proud and fond. He would not listen to the idea that the calamity was an accident, but said he knew the vile nature of the man well enough to believe the act premeditated.

"Our house has been stricken with misery," he added, "since he first set foot in it, and I firmly believe that the suspicions we had of him when you implored us to leave Australia were true. If you had only left him then—my poor sister, why did you not leave him?"

"Because, Raphael, I made a promise to my dying father that I would try to reclaim him, and, thank Heaven, I have kept that promise, though I have been spurned and unsuccessful. Now, my darling brother and mother, if you will leave me, with Madame Frouchette for half an hour I shall thank you, for I have a solemn duty to perform towards her."

Slightly wondering at the strange demand, they went, and left the gentle widow soothing the sufferer's brow, and waiting for her to commence her story. What they told each other no one knew, but in a short time Agnes asked, faintly:

"Can I see them?"

"Only one," replied the widow; "the other is at school in Paris."

"Let me see the one, then."

Madame Frouchette called in the trembling Marie. "Kiss me, child," said the dying lady, "and I'll know that you forgive me for unwittingly standing in your mother's place for so many dreary years."

Marie bent down her fair face, and, in sympathy for the unknown woes of the beautiful lady, raised tears as well as kisses on her brow.

At a sign from her mother she then opened the door, and, both passing out, left the time that remained to the sufferer to be spent with her mother and Raphael. She suffered comparatively little after that, and her mind and voice were perfectly clear, as she spoke of her joyful reunion with her true and beloved father.

As the calm evening sky began to be dotted with stars—as the weary labourer returned to his home, and little birdlings were gathered with loving care under the mother's wings, her proud but pure and suffering soul had gained its rest.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul!
Sweet ner of life and soldier of society.

Robert Blair.

THE year was 1864, the time evening. It had been a fair summer day, and had come to a glorious close; and the soft, crimson-flecked clouds hung above the homestead and blessed the little group of reunited friends that sat on the porch.

There was brave, genial Luke, the self-educated, em-burned farmer, with a happy light of affection beaming on his fine face. There was Mary Jane in her best silk, with a pleasant, hospitable countenance, quite unlike the Mary Jane of other days. Then Ned, grown to be a strong, good-looking young man—one that you could trust in an affair of an honourable, delicate nature, and rest sure of your trust being unshaken. He had so far recovered from the effects of his childish malady that he could now walk with only a slight limp.

Next to her brother sat Alice, who had just completed her education and returned home. The rough features of her childhood had given place to those of more symmetrical mould, and her soft, rippling laughter, her ladylike manners, and the charm of perfect simplicity that hung about her like the perfume of a wild rose, were as greatly contrasted to her former foibles as it was possible to imagine. She fully came up to Luke's standard now, and between them there existed a deep affection observable to all beholders.

Two others completed the little group—a young companion of Alice's and a gentleman in the spring of life, whom Luke addressed as Mr. Raphael Blanchard.

Somehow this gentleman had become a frequent visitor at the "Desert," and it had commenced in this way. Being notified, on coming into possession of his property, that Luke was ready to discharge the remainder of his mortgage, Raphael Blanchard had paid that individual a visit to the farm, and was so pleasantly surprised at the thriving condition of his birthplace and the humble-minded intelligence of its renovator that he took a strong liking for Luke.

Being blessed with his father's clear intuition of character, he saw that the farmer's humble-minded-

ness was far removed from servility, and freely accepted his hospitable invitation to spend the hot summer months at the farm.

Thus the gentlemanly Mr. Raphael, who had been educated in the finest schools, visited the finest cities, and seen life through the finest of plate-glass windows, became the daily companion, in their school vacations, of Susan Grimes's orphan children. That such a companionship would be most beneficial to his nephew and niece Luke saw at a glance; but the thought that others might consider the acquaintance derogatory to that gentleman's honour, if they knew the truth of the story, did not occur to him till the summer was far spent and the vacation near its close.

"Perhaps he will never come again," thought Luke. "So I shall defer speaking to him till I am obliged to do so."

But Raphael had enjoyed the simple ways at the farm and the equally simple society of the twins so well that he did not intend to give up the acquaintance. Alice, with her dreamy ideas and inexperienced opinions of the world, drank in his descriptions of the scenes he had visited, and the different specimens of character he had met, with that deep absorption only the young know. Ned, more studious and less impulsive than his sister, yet excelled her intense enthusiasm in a point of his own. He was very ambitious to distinguish himself in the profession he had chosen and to become a physician, great and noble, in every sense of the words. To Raphael he poured out all his aspirations and wishes, and found in him as true a sympathizer as Uncle Luke himself. In fact the orphan came to drink in his words and hang upon his opinions so that the young man's modesty was in a fair way of vanishing for ever. Petted and courted from his earliest childhood, had he not inherited his father's sincere benevolence, he would have been spoiled, long ago, and have become a common rich man.

When the day of his departure drew near the brother and sister became so depressed in spirits at losing their polished companion, that Luke perceived matters had already gone too far. He saw that he must act at once, and did so accordingly.

It was the last evening Raphael would be with them, and, supper being over, Luke rose, and, bowing to his guest, requested his presence in the parlour. The action, so quiet and gracious, would hardly have seemed possible to him once, but what will not education do, especially the education that has its birth in the heart, and is shaped, and polished, by an unswerving effort? When they were seated in the pleasant room Luke said:

"Mr. Blanchard, you are so like your kind-hearted father that I find it very painful to say what I am about to say, but I feel it my duty, and that ought to be enough for any of us. When I invited you to spend the vacation with us I overstepped my judgment, and now wish to right my blunder. I want you to set before your mind your own birth, your property, your friends, and your position in society. Then, in opposition, set my niece and nephew, with their present circumstances and future expectations, and you will find that in them all you possess is wanting. You are a gentleman by birth and education—they are only a farmer's adopted children. You have a position in society; they have none. Now, as an honourable man, who sees his error in forming this acquaintance, I ask you to break it off, and seek your own peers."

"But suppose, Mr. Peel, with all due respect for you, that I see it in altogether a different light?"

"Imagine, for instance," said Luke, "that a man or woman came of a most disgraceful origin, could you admit either to your friendship?"

Raphael hesitated with a rising colour, then answered:

"I could admit the man if he had a true soul."

"But not the woman?"

The question came, a little bitterly,

"I am afraid I should not be sufficiently strong for that, Mr. Peel."

"Enough," cried Luke. "You act wisely, and, although it is most painful for me to say it, let our acquaintance cease."

"No, sir! with your permission I would rather not."

"Do you thoroughly comprehend your position?"

"Yes, sir, thoroughly. I am of age, and free to act as I please; and my pleasure is to continue, and augment the friendship that now exists between myself and your interesting nephew and niece. Edward is very ambitious, and I may yet be able to assist him in many of his projects."

"As you will," returned Luke, brightening up, for he loved and admired his young guest; "but be careful not to let your friendship verge on any deeper feeling."

Thus was the affair settled, and the following summer looked forward to with great expectations.

That Raphael Blanchard blindly mistook his meaning Luke little dreamed, and dreamed still less that there was coming for his cherished legacy a day of trouble and bitter woes.

The two succeeding summers were only counterparts of the first, with this difference, that Luke's mind was laid at rest regarding the inequality of the young people's position in life.

In the school Alice had formed the acquaintance of Miss Leona Young, the lady who when a child had so winningly introduced herself on board ship to the grief-stricken Luke. Although born in the south of England, she had passed most of her childhood in Switzerland, whither the doctors had ordered her and her mother for the benefit of their health. That the change wrought a fine girl out of a puny babe Luke could testify, well remembering through the changes of years the little face that nestled close to his as he was taking his sad journey back to England, and, pointing to the waves, asked:

"Do 'ey talk to 'ou?"

The change of country benefited Leona's mother in so much that it lengthened out her life a few years, then took her away just as her child most needed a mother's care. On her deathbed she urged her husband to give their daughter a good education, and by recommendation he took her to the same academy which Alice attended. Mr. Young had recently died, bequeathing to Leona his little property, and appointing as her guardian a merchant named Blossom.

When her school term was over she had written to this gentleman for permission to visit her bosom friend and companion, Alice Peel, which permission was readily granted, as Mr. Blossom was but slightly interested in his ward, and wished to acquit himself of his charge with as little trouble as possible to himself.

Leona at twenty was tall and of a queenly carriage, with dark, shining hair drawn from her face, and coiled in wavy circles at the back of her head. Added to her clear complexion, and large, thoughtful eyes, was a winning graciousness of manner that drew round her groups of admiring friends wherever she went. On this evening she was seated close to Raphael Blanchard, conversing with him in a sprightly manner, and Luke, as he glanced at them, thought what a well-matched couple they would make. Somebody else thought so too, with a thrill of pain at her heart.

Ned was glancing over the evening paper, and as he suddenly exclaimed:

"Oh, dear, dear!" every one asked what was the matter.

"Listen," he said, and read the following paragraph:

"A few days ago a young surgeon named Jean Frouchette entered the dissecting-room of a Paris hospital to assist in the dissection of a man who had died of an unknown disease. In his eagerness to assist the other surgeons he neglected the necessary precautions, and did not notice a slight abrasion on his hand. He was obliged to leave the room with a dizziness in his head, and we regret to add before night was a corpse. The affair created great excitement, as he was a widow's only son, of studious habits, and much beloved by his friends and associates. He had not completed his twentieth year."

A murmur of sympathy ran through the group as Ned ended his reading and said:

"What a sad death, after all his trying—just my age, too."

"It was singular," returned Luke, and sat pondering on it for some time.

The conversation took a sober turn, and Raphael, thinking to rally it, proposed a little excursion for the next day. They were to rise early, just at day-break, drive down to Melbourne, thence to Port Phillip, and spend the day in its vicinity.

As the proposal was agreeable to all parties the girls promised to rise betimes, if Mary Jane would call them. This she readily agreed to do, and as they wished to retire early the young men rose to let them pass into the house.

"It's strange!" cried Mary Jane as she gazed at Ned with a sudden light of recognition in her eyes that sent the blood dancing in waves to her cheeks.

But the light almost instantly died out as he assumed a new position.

"Strange!" she whispered again; "and I've noticed it at odd moments so often lately."

As the old house lay in shadow that night, with a glint of the rising moon just touching the tops of the trees round it, Luke still sat on the porch with a strange loneliness upon him. Somehow he could not let the story of the young French surgeon out of his mind. A morbid influence kept directing his eyes towards the dark bush where Mary Ames had been murdered and her body had lain for five long days. As the murderer had never been found, the little belt

of trees still frowned through the summer and winter days, and darkened the pleasant landscape.

Half asleep and half awake Luke began to wonder if the body that caused the death of the young surgeon had ever held the soul of a murderer. It seemed probable that it might.

"But, pahaw!" he added, rising and shaking himself. "What had Jean Frouchette or his friends ever to do with my life? Thank Heaven my poor boy is safe!" he prayed, turning his eyes to the mysterious dome dotted with stars; "keep him in strict integrity from all danger, that he may do a worthy work in this poor, weary world."

The excursion day dawned clear and bright, and, breakfast being despatched, the four happy young people started off in Raphael's easy open carriage. The sun being high and scorching when they arrived at their destination, it was agreed that they should rest awhile and have luncheon before they began their rambles over the rocks.

For the better convenience of walking, the party separated itself into two pairs, Raphael Blanchard and Leona Young going first, Alice and her brother bringing up the rear.

Had Alice among her other accomplishments at the academy learned the small-souled one of jealousy? or why was the glory of the summer day suddenly overclouded when this arrangement took place?

Quickly chiding herself, however, for the momentary littleness, and trying to fix in her mind the superiority of Leona above all others, she endeavoured to interest her brother in the description of a new book she had been reading.

It occurred, after awhile, that the party were together again, and Ned, accepting a daring challenge from Leona, was soon climbing over the rocks after the nimble girl.

"You had better sit down and rest, Alice," said Raphael, seating himself, as he spoke, on a rude bench firmly fixed on the brow of a jagged precipice of rock with the shimmering wavelets dashing at its base.

Alice was watching a dark, low-lying rock far out in the water, that the incoming tide was gradually sinking in its black depths, and thinking how like it seemed to a soul overpowered by temptation, when she started violently as Raphael laid his fingers gently on her hand.

"Why, what has come to you, Alice?" he asked, tenderly. "You have scarcely spoken to me to-day, and now you start and tremble when I address you."

"Excuse me, Mr. Blanchard," she returned, smiling; "but I am afraid I gave way to disagreeable thoughts this morning, and in punishment of my weakness they have left their impress upon me. Then you have had Leona for a companion, and she is far more interesting than I could ever be."

"My dear Alice," he interrupted, "you know that no one could be so——" then broke off abruptly as he noticed a sudden pallor and faintness in her face.

"The pin! the pin!" she gasped, fixing her eyes on a small diamond brooch on his bosom.

He became as pale as herself in an instant, with a nervous, deadly sort of twitching at his mouth, but through all her terror she noticed that his eyes fixed themselves not on her, but beyond her. Presently, though it seemed an age of deadly silence to her, a nonchalant and somewhat haughty, disagreeable voice exclaimed:

"Ah, Raphael, how are you?"

The young man returned no answer, but kept his eyes fixed on the speaker, who now came within Alice's line of vision. He was a middle-aged, fashionably dressed man, with an arrogant expression about the mouth, and defiant, evil eyes.

"So you disdain the acquaintance," he cried, coming up and confronting Raphael, who had silently risen to his feet. "You disdain the acquaintance, do you? Well, mark you, you shall be sorry for this insult till the day of your death."

He shook his forefinger in the young man's face as he spoke with such infinite rage, hatred, and contempt, that the other, goaded beyond his endurance, raised his clenched hand and struck him to the earth. The rock gradually sloped towards the precipice, and the man, receiving an impetus in his fall, rolled towards the edge, and would have fallen over, had not Alice, springing forwards, and catching hold of his coat, drawn him back. As he appeared to Alice to be insensible she in her pitiful heart raised his head on her arm, but was rewarded by him striking at her with his heavy hand.

"Do not attempt to touch him again," cried Raphael, sternly, raising her up.

The severity of his tone wounded her deeply, and looking him full in the eyes she said, coldly:

"We will seek my brother, and return home, if you please."

He stepped forward to accompany her without a

word, his mind harassed by gloomy thoughts and his face working with agitation. When they had gone a little distance Alice looked back to see what had become of the fallen man, and found that he was looking after them with no envious expression on his face. The trip home was gloomy and silent, and Leona found it impossible, with all her light rillery and pleasant chatter, to raise the spirits of the company, so she was at length forced to take refuge in quiet conversation with the doctor, as she laughingly called Ned.

"Bless my heart!" Luke cried, as the carriage drove up to the farmhouse door, "have you all been sea-sick, that you look so grave? But never mind whether you have or not," he added, without waiting for an answer, "Mary Jane's got a good, substantial supper ready to take the vapour off. Nothing like it, Mr. Blanchard, nothing like it to cheer up a man when he gets home after a journey."

(To be continued.)

THE QUARTER-DECK SPECTRE.

YEARS ago I had command of the ship "Narcissus," owned by Dexter and Cumston. I had made two voyages in her to the East Indies when the owners concluded to send me up the Mediterranean.

My first mate was shipped for this particular voyage on account of his knowledge of the Mediterranean trade, the officer who had come home with me from India having been promoted to a command.

John Carter was the name of my new mate, and I soon came to like him.

Mr. Carter was a handsome man, possessing a frame remarkable for its symmetry and its strength; and though there were sometimes flashes of the eye that would seem to denote impulsiveness of emotion still I never heard him speak an angry word.

To the men he was kindness itself, and they loved and honoured him. Of years he appeared to have had some five-and-thirty, and he had been more or less upon the water from his youth up.

Hour after hour, when duty did not otherwise employ him, would Carter pace up and down the quarter-deck, or sit in his room, with his head bowed and his hands folded, seemingly utterly oblivious of everything around him.

Of course I wondered whether his thoughts could be running; but I felt loth to ask him.

One evening, after we were well at sea, and the ship was running smoothly before the wind, I sat at the cabin table. I had been looking over our reckoning, and tracing it upon the chart. As I turned from this work I fancied that a glass of sherry—and I had some of an excellent sort—would be agreeable, and as my steward was at hand I directed him to bring it.

Carter came down just as I had put away my chart, and he took a seat at the table. I had remarked to him that I was going to foot up our reckoning, and he had come to see the result.

When I had answered him upon this point I filled a glass with wine and pushed it over to him, then filled one for myself.

"Come," said I, "here's success to us and our voyage."

I had drunk half my wine when my attention was arrested by the peculiarity of Carter's movements. He had raised his glass, but not to his lips. He held it for a moment between his eye and the light, then, with a pallor upon his face like death, and with a shudder and a gasp, he let the glass fall, and it was broken to atoms upon the floor.

"Pardon," he said, with a convulsive start. "It was an accident. Pardon me, captain, and forget. If you love me never speak of this."

With these words he hurried from the cabin.

I respected Carter's injunction, and was silent upon the subject of the strange scene of the broken wine-glass; but the reader can easily imagine that it gave me many moments of perplexing thought. It was evident enough that at some time my mate had suffered from the cup. I never again used wine in his presence, for I was assured that the sight of the drinking by his friends was painful to him, and I was not so attached to the wine-cup that I could not easily and cheerfully make this sacrifice.

Our run out was an agreeable one, and our voyaging in the Mediterranean was pleasant. We had taken in part of our return cargo in the Levant—mostly at Smyrna—and thence we went to Naples, where our agent had secured the remainder of the cargo in olive oil, silk, wine, and coral.

We had taken on board the bulk of our lading, and were waiting for a few odds and ends in the shape of coral and musical instruments, when, towards evening, while Carter was on shore, the American consul came off in company with a gentleman whom he introduced to me as Mr. Alpheus Dunbar, who was very anxious to secure a passage to England.

Mr. Dunbar was an old man—at least seventy—his

hair white as snow, and his face deeply furrowed. Yet his tall, symmetrical form was erect, and I liked his looks. They were frank and kindly, and invited confidence. Besides, there was in them a something which bore the glimmer of an old friendship, though I did not remember ever to have seen the old man before.

We had spare berths, and after a little conversation with Mr. Dunbar I told him he could go with me. I showed him the accommodation we had to offer. He liked it, and said he would take possession at once; and, if I had no objection, he would remain on board, and allow the consul to send his luggage off in the morning. I had no objection, so the consul went away, and he remained.

Shortly after this tea was served in the cabin, and Mr. Dunbar joined me in the meal. As a matter of common politeness I asked him if he would like wine. He cast upon me a look which, for the instant, was startling—the look as of one suddenly frightened—then the light of the deep-set eyes softened to a pathetic, appealing glance, and he answered:

"Excuse me, sir—I never drink wine!"

I, in turn, begged that he would excuse me; then we both sought other topics.

My new passenger was a man of deep thought and remarkable intelligence; and at times he conversed with freedom, though at others he was silent and moody, as though his mind had been suddenly captured by some power beyond his will.

The night was clear and beautiful. A full moon was riding in the heavens, and the broad bay was like a sea of molten silver.

Mr. Dunbar and myself remained upon the quarter-deck until ten o'clock, at which time I announced my intention of retiring, as I must be out early in the morning.

Mr. Dunbar thought he would remain up a while longer, so I bade him good night and went below.

As was my usual custom I left the door of my apartment partly open, not only for air, but also that I might be more readily aroused in case of need.

I had turned into my bunk and fallen asleep when I was awakened by the entrance of Mr. Carter. Ordinarily the coming down of my mate would not have disturbed me, but on the present occasion his movements were unusual. He staggered in like a drunken man, and my first impression, when I saw him moving with uncertain step towards the room, was that he had been drinking. He disappeared, and I wondered and worried over the occurrence until drowsiness again overcame me; but not for long.

Again I was aroused, and as I looked out into the cabin I saw Carter standing by the table, directly beneath the hanging lamp, with a pistol in his hand. I saw him withdraw the ramrod from the barrel, then I saw him adjust a percussion-cap and press it down. He was not drunk. There was no shade of intoxication in the light of his glaring eyes. He was pale as death; his jaws were set; and every nerve and muscle seemed strung like thaws of steel. I heard him murmur a few incoherent words, then I saw him kneel upon the floor.

Quickly and noiselessly I leaped from my couch and snatched the pistol from his grasp just as he had raised its muzzle to his temple! He started to his feet, and made a motion as though he would resist my interference; but when he met my gaze he shrank back.

"Carter," said I, with my heart in my mouth, "I am your friend. If you can trust any human being I beg you will trust me."

He sank down, and buried his face in his hands; so he remained until he could command speech. Then he looked up, and glared round as though fearful of beholding some frightful thing.

"Captain," he said, in a hoarse, unnatural whisper, "you have put it off but for a time. The end must soon come. I am bidden away from this irksome life!"

I spoke soothing words, and by-and-bye, as my persuasive tones and my loving looks reached his heart, he gave me his hand.

"Captain, I will tell you my story—the story of my life—and you shall judge for yourself. You shall then know the fearful burden that rests upon me. Pardon me if I do not go into particulars. Let me be brief."

I invited him to proceed in his own way, and presently he went on:

"My name is not Carter, as I have been known for many years. I once bore another name. My father was a merchant of London, influential and wealthy, and my mother was an angel. My father owned ships, and from my earliest childhood I was conversant with maritime affairs. In his natural state my father was kind and considerate, but when his blood was heated with much wine he became another being—more like a tiger than like a man. As the years rolled on he drank more and more. Wine was always upon his table and upon his sideboard; I drank it, and came to love it, and its effect

upon me was pestiferous and direful. Disputes often arose between my father and myself, and more than once he struck me to the floor. Once after he had struck me down I went away to sea, and was gone away a year; and when I returned to my home the old scenes were enacted over again. My father drank more and more, and I drank often to intoxication. I had come to be five-and-twenty, and had charge of much of the business.

"Never mind the many serious quarrels that occurred between us. Let me tell you only of the last. I had engaged to marry a girl whom I loved, and my father was opposed to the match and broke it off. He broke it off by frightening the girl away from me. When I knew what had been done I was furious, and when I next saw my father I was under the influence of liquor, and, unfortunately, he was the same. In fact, we were both of us intoxicated. High words passed; we became crazy with madness. At length my father applied to me, and to the girl I had lost, words that stung me to frenzy. I retorted with fearful imprecations, and he struck me. I had in my hand a loaded cane, and, in my blindness of fury, smarting under his words and under his blow, I struck him—struck him on the head with the netted leaden knob of my cane. He sank upon the floor—dead!—sank down at my feet, and never moved nor spoke!

"My mother came in, and she had the wisdom to bid me flee. She knew all—knew that I had meditated no harm—knew that my father had goaded me to desperation. If I stayed there—The thought startled me, and I fled from my home—fled from the awful scene, but not from the harrowing memory.

"What followed I cannot tell. For fully three years I was bereft of reason. When I recovered I found myself in India, whither I had gone as a sailor, the officers not knowing that I was crazy when I shipped. Since then I have wandered to and fro upon the ocean. I have longed to hear from home—to know if my mother still lives—but I have not dared the venture. Since starting upon this voyage I had almost made up my mind that, upon my return to England, I would inquire concerning the fate of the fondly remembered one. But—but—it is past!"

Here the speaker stopped with a gasp, and buried his face again in his hands; and when he looked up again his pallor was ghastly.

"I shall never see home again!" he said. "Tonight, as I came over the side, I saw a figure upon the quarter-deck. The tall and manly form, so erect and so grand—I was sure I knew it—I had never seen but one like unto him. Presently it turned, and I beheld, plainly revealed in the moonlight, the face of my dead father! Hush! Do not say so nay. It was no baseless fabric—no chimeras of distorted imagination—but it was the spectre of my father I saw—Ha!"

As, with this exclamation, my mate started up, I was conscious that some one was advancing from the foot of the ladder, and, upon looking round, I beheld Alpheus Dunbar, his snowy head bare, and his furrowed cheeks wet with flowing tears. He was tottering forward, with arms outstretched, and as the agitated mate seemed ready to sink with terror the old man cried out:

"Philip! Philip! My son! Oh, my son!"

The young man started up as from a dreadful dream, and he put forth his hand and whispered: "In Heaven's name, mock me not! Is it—in truth—is it—my father?"

"Yes, yes! Oh, my Philip! After all these painful years my prayer is answered. I shall hear your sweet word of forgiveness ere I die."

"Forgiveness—forgiveness?" repeated the son, looking up from his father's embrace. "Oh, my soul! 'tis I who need forgiveness."

"No, my boy—no, no—I was all to blame! It was I who kindled the fire and furnished fuel for the infuriate flames. You were but a boy, my Philip, when I led you, by my example, into the evil habit!"

I went on deck and left the father and son to themselves. When I returned to the cabin I heard Mr. Dunbar's story—how he had recovered from the blow which his son had inflicted; and how, filled with remorse for his own wrong, he had, when able to go out, instituted search for the missing one. He had sought far and near—had followed ships in which he fancied his boy had sailed—and upon this search he had been scouring the seaports of the Mediterranean when he came on board my ship.

I will only add to my story that we reached Liverpool in safety, and that a month thereafter I went to London to visit the Dunbars. I found Alpheus Dunbar grander than ever in the vigour of renewed life; and I found his wife all that she had been painted by her son—a sweet-faced, mild-eyed, lovely and loving woman, whose threescore years had,

while silvering the brow with frost, only touched the heart with increasing warmth of love and affection. And Philip—he who had been to me John Carter, but Philip Dunbar henceforth—what need I say of him? Enough that he held me as the friend to whom he owed his life, and that, through the liberality of himself and father—a liberality which I could not escape—the next ship which I commanded was owned by myself.

One other thing I am reminded here to put down. Since that night in the Bay of Naples, when I listened to the story of those two shattered lives, I have drunk no wine; and I am pledged in my heart to touch it never more! S. O. J.

AURORA.

"You must know," said Aurora Delmayne, with an independent movement of her pretty head, "I believe in every woman doing what she can best perform. I might hem strips of muslin and dust furniture to the end of my days, and never advance my physical or mental welfare one degree. I might possibly succeed in obtaining a situation as lady's companion. But, you see, I prefer to paint pictures."

"It's so unwomanly!" said Jeannette Lee, a pretty, pink-cheeked little damsel, whose ideas revolved in the narrowest possible groove.

"Why is it unwomanly, I should like to know? Why is it any less feminine to stand before an easel than to do embroidery or dance the polka redowa?" persisted Aurora, with reddening cheeks.

Jeannette could not tell. She only knew that she had somehow caught the refrain of the popular cry, "Unwomanly." Aurora painted on, putting a deal of unspoken emphasis into the lovely lining of her summer clouds.

Aurora Delmayne was twenty-four years old; a tall, velvet-eyed girl, with an abundance of blonde hair, a complexion used to sun and wind, and a fresh, exquisitely shaped mouth; and Aurora had a talent which, unlike most modern young ladies, she did not bury in a napkin. She was alone in the world, with the exception of some distant relatives who lived in the country, but she had never seen them, and her little studio was all the home she had—a bright nook, draped and carpeted with warm garnet red, and all aglow with dainty gold-framed landscapes, brackets covered with the drooping grace of dried grasses, ferns, and *immortelles*, and little statuettes with ruby velvet niches. Here Aurora wrought out her livelihood with the brush, asking no odds of the grim world, and giving it none.

"As it is," said Aurora, with that delicious sense of self-reliance that so few women have, "I am almost as independent as if I were a man."

Dudley Garrance met the young artist at a crowded, fashionable *soirée*, when Aurora Delmayne was looking very pretty, clad in a simple white dress with moss roses in her hair, and he fell in love with her straightway, as it is the fashion for frank, impulsive young fellows to do.

"An artist!" he cried when Mrs. Seymour told him of the vocation of her young guest in the course of the next day's call. "Nonsense! I don't believe a word of it. Why, she's the most womanly little creature I ever met."

"Why shouldn't an artist be womanly?" asked Mrs. Seymour.

Dudley Garrance could not find a satisfactory answer to that question. So he went with Mrs. Seymour to Aurora's studio, and fell in love over again with the velvet-eyed lassie in her painting costume, with its tasselled cap set a-top of her curls, and its coquettish loops and folds and bib-apron. She was painting a summer-evening study for Mrs. Seymour—a soft blending of lights and shadows, with an illuminated church window in the foreground, and her enthusiasm in her work was something contagious.

Dudley, with his admiring eyes fixed on the bright oval face, wondered how he could ever have thought an artist unwomanly. He recalled his sisters dawdling over their worsted work, his cousins quarrelling at croquet, and decided that Aurora had chosen the better part.

The next thing, of course, was that he began to haunt her studio, until she laughingly forbade him to come oftener than twice a week.

"For," said she, "I must tell you I am not like the young ladies of society. I have my trade to work at, and I can't afford to indulge in any delightful odds and ends of leisure. Besides—"

"Well, what does that formidable dissyllable mean?" laughed Garrance as she came to a pause.

"Well—you see—" hesitated Aurora. Then she set down her little foot with an emphasis, and went resolutely on: "This is how it is. If I were a gentleman artist, and you a young lady, you might come to my studio as often as you pleased, and it would be all right. Nobody would be scan-

dalized. But as I am a woman, and you happen to belong to the opposite sex, things are altogether different, you perceive."

"I don't perceive it at all," stoutly asserted Garrance.

"Don't you? But Mrs. Grundy will!" and Aurora was resolute.

Mrs. Seymour laughed at her young friend's discomfiture.

"I do believe, Dudley," she said, "you are falling in love with Miss Delmayne."

Dudley Garrance did not deny the soft impeachment. He went home and wrote a long letter to his uncle and guardian, rhapsodizing generally on the subject of the young artist.

Uncle Sedley Alwood's answer was rather after the "wet-blanket" order.

"Your letter, my dear Dudley," wrote this respectable relative, "was like yourself—frank, ingenuous, and—pardon me the word—ill-considered. I daresay your young artist—whose name, by the way, you forgot to mention—is very charming, quite a second Rosa Bouheur, and all that. But I must confess to a settled antipathy to these unsexed females. I want my nephew's wife to be a woman—a gentle, soft-voiced, womanly woman. It will be unnecessary for her to earn her own living by the pencil, or any other implement, as, should you marry to suit me, I intend to take care of your future in what I hope will be a satisfactory manner. However, the old saying is, 'Love goes where it is sent,' and I suppose there is no use in laying down any definite rules on the subject. All I ask of you is to take a few months dispassionately to consider the question. There is a young lady visiting in this neighbourhood who is my ideal of what a woman and lady should be—young, beautiful, and gentle, with all the domestic talents and household accomplishments which a true wife should possess. She is Mrs. Squire Edwards's cousin and guest; and when I went into Mrs. Edwards's kitchen the other day and found her, with her sleeves rolled up, making pies—well, I'm not ashamed to confess that, had I been five-and-thirty years younger, I should have gone on my knees and proposed at once. I made up my mind to write immediately to you. Come as soon as possible—this exquisite rose will not long hang ungathered on the stem. Then—fancy me making a grimace as I write—we will talk over the question of the Woman's Rights woman who seems to have bewitched you, and, if you can truthfully declare that she is fairer and sweeter than my lovely maker of pies, why, we will see about it!"

Dudley Garrance read the letter twice over, and meditated upon its contents.

"Aurora is out of town, and won't be back for a month," he pondered. "What is worse, she refused to give me her address. She wanted to be quiet, and really to rusticate, she said. I may as well spend the time at Antonville as anywhere else. It will please my uncle, and I suppose I ought to pay deference to his wishes in whatever I can, since my giving up Aurora to please him is quite out of the question."

So our hero packed his valise and set off for the rural districts.

"Bless my soul, Master Dudley!" said the ancient housekeeper, who always looked upon her master's nephew as an overgrown schoolboy, and looked up the jam and fruit-cake as long as he stayed at Antonville. "Mr. Alwood didn't look for you just yet. He's just stepped up to Mrs. Edwads's. I think you'll find him there."

"Very well," said Dudley, "I'll go over there."

He stopped only for a draught of water at the old well, and went through the hazel copse to the old white farmhouse, where Squire Edwards vegetated contentedly, as his forefathers had done before him. Long before he reached the kitchen door—a pretty porch-covered nook, all draped with blue-cupped morning-glories—he could see the portly figure of his uncle sitting at the window.

"I wonder," thought Dudley, "if there is any pie-making going on there? Perhaps I am going to have an aunt-in-law, then good-bye to all the prospective fortune I am supposed to inherit."

He tapped at the door. Uncle Alwood's voice, however, prevented his mild summons from being heard; so he gently pushed open the door and entered.

It was not pies this time, but quince jelly. Mrs. "Squire Edwads," rubicund and merry, stood before a huge preserving kettle, stirring up a bubbling mass, while Uncle Alwood, a contrast in coolness and leisure, sat by the open window, and a slight, graceful figure at the whitely scoured table was employed in pasting labels on a long array of jolly glasses. She turned at the sound of a strange footstep on the floor, and Dudley Garrance found himself gazing straight into the velvet-blue eyes of Aurora Delmayne.

"How came you here?" he demanded, the bright flush of pleasure mounting to his cheek.

"And how came you here?" she retorted, merrily.

"Uncle," said Dudley, turning to the old gentleman, who was staring as if all his *physique* were condensed into eyes, "is this your beau-ideal of a wife?"

"Yes," heartily assented Uncle Alwood.

"Mine also," said Dudley Garrance. "Here, Miss Delmayne, let me help you with those labels."

Uncle Alwood had a living exemplification, in the shape of his nephew's wife, that a woman can maintain herself by the exercise of her Heaven-given talent, and still not be "unwomanly." A. R.

LONGEVITY IN A WORKHOUSE.—A man named William Smith, an inmate of the Bethnal Green Workhouse, died the other day at the age of 103 years. The deceased went into the house when he was only 27 years of age, and he had remained there ever since. When he was admitted he appeared to be thoroughly worn out and destitute, but in two years he had so far regained his strength as to be made special messenger to the clerk, and he always said it was the kind treatment he had received in the workhouse which had prolonged his life.

EXHALATION OF PLANTS.—The functions of the leaf are such that during its exposure to sunlight it gives off exhalations both of gas and vapour. It decomposes carbonic acid gas, absorbing the carbon and setting free the other component, oxygen gas; at the same time it concentrates the sap of the plant by carrying off its surplus water through the pores of the leaf in the form of vapour. During active vegetation the quantity of water exhaled by the leaves is very great. Botanists have carefully measured the extent of this exhalation in certain plants. Several experiments of Hales and others may here be noted. A sun-flower 3½ feet high, presenting a surface of 39 square feet, exposed to the air and light, was found to perspire at the rate of from 20 to 30 ounces avoirdupois during every twelve hours, or about 17 times more than the amount perspired by an ordinary-sized man during the same time. An apple tree with 12 square feet of foliage was found to perspire 9 ounces of water per day, and a vine of about the same surface from 5 to 6 ounces. Recent experiments by Dr. MacNab with the laurel cherry prove that its leaves contain about 63 per cent. of water. Sunlight was found to be more efficient than chloride of lime or sulphuric acid in abstracting water from the leaf. In light of any kind the under surface of the leaf was found to perspire more water than the upper surface. At night the process is arrested, and even in the shade only 2 per cent. of the water in the leaf passed off per hour into a dry atmosphere, while in a saturated atmosphere exhalation ceased. It seems obvious that this function of the leaf must have great effect in modifying climate. Experiments in India and Africa in planting extensive forests in territory deficient in moisture have shown that within a few years the number of rainy days during the year have increased at least four fold.

A SHIP FULL OF BRIDES.—They tell a rather good story at the Curragh concerning the colonel of a gallant regiment about to proceed to India immediately. As usual when a regiment proceeds to that great dependency there is marrying and giving in marriage. Women "on the strength" and married "with leave" receive rations, pay, &c., and an allowance for every child. A sergeant can save with ease three shillings per day and live most comfortably. The colonel of the regiment referred to gave the usual privilege to the well-conducted men to marry, provided the ladies chosen bore good characters, were strong and healthy, and over twenty years of age. On dit that the pleasant colonel never imagined that his men in three weeks' time could flirt, court, and marry to any wonderful extent. But he knew not the ways of womankind, for half the regiment has succeeded in wooing and winning laughing brides. In the parish church of the Curragh the mornings are devoted to tying people together for life, and we learn that the ladies, who are chiefly neat, trim English girls, enjoy beyond measure the colonel's misconception. But the War Office shows its teeth, and attacks the brides remorselessly. The London authorities have ordered that each woman be allowed to have "only one box, which must not be higher than fourteen inches!" How on earth could they stow panniers and chignons and the infinite multitude of female wearables into a box fourteen inches high? But if the War Office imagined they could circumvent the ladies they are woefully mistaken. For these say, and very truly, that the War Office has not fixed a limit to length or breadth, and wonderful are the shapes of the boxes hammered up by Kildare carpenters. If the genial colonel made a mess of it, the War Office has plunged up to the neck in it. Better far if the latter had permitted the brides to bring with them any number of band-

boxes than chests which seem to be a cross between piano cases and coffins. Between the colonel and the Horse Guards the girls have a merry time of it.

SWEET EGLANTINE;

OR,
THE STRANGE UNKNOWN.

BY THE

Author of "Evanter," "Heart's Content," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XXI.

Friendship is constant in all other things
Save in the office and affairs of love.
Therefore, all hearts in love use their own tongues;
Let every eye negotiate for itself,
And trust no other agent. *Much Ado About Nothing.*

GENERAL TAHOUDIN was greatly excited. It was somewhat remarkable to see this man under the influence of a new passion. For years he had lived with but one object in view. Fancying himself terribly degraded and injured, he had made it the business of his life to seek revenge upon the man who had lowered him in his own self-esteem, and, as he thought, fixed an indelible stain upon him. He had dwelt upon this until he became a monomaniac; he had recalled the scene on board ship, when, a penniless fugitive, he left his native shore, until he seemed again to feel the cruel lash as it cut into his flesh, and saw the grim smile of Captain Passingham, who noted that his sentence was being well carried out. The subsequent suffering came back to him, and he did not think that he was to blame for being fully resolved to exact vengeance to the uttermost.

It was with this end in view that he had formed the mysterious society of the Iron Cross, modelled on the principles, to some extent, of a Masonic lodge, and had drawn together to do his bidding for their mutual advantage, and especially his own, a number of desperate men of good families, such as are always to be found in large cities. It was his wish to wring his enemy's heart in every possible way, and not spare him an atom of suffering—not to permit him to set down the brimming cup of sorrow until he had drained its contents to the very dregs, and he had so wrung his heart as to bring his gray hairs to the grave.

This insane desire for revenge had given place to a new passion, as we have said, and given a power to his love for his daughter which had hitherto been dormant. He did not think so much of revenging himself upon Captain Passingham now as he did of getting back his daughter. If he had been sure that the captain had his child in his power, and he could only recover her by conciliating him, he would most probably have thrown himself at his feet and begged for her restoration, though he first of all tried threats.

The appearance of Eglantine on the scene caused both men to pause in the angry war of words which was raging between them. Looking from one to the other, she bowed coldly to General Tahourdin, and asked her father the cause of the disturbance.

"This gentleman, my dear," answered Captain Passingham, calmly, "is my enemy—the foe I have dreaded for so long—the one man who is compassing my ruin. The strangest freak of fortune led you into his house; after a while your relationship to me was accidentally discovered, and you were ignominiously expelled. General Tahourdin has now entered my house to demand the restoration of his daughter, who has left her home without a word of explanation, and it is alleged by him, that she has accompanied you."

"What answer have you made General Tahourdin?" Eglantine demanded.

"The only one in my power," answered the captain. "I told him that I was delighted at your return, but that you came alone. No one was with you, nor have I heard you mention one word respecting Miss Constantia Tahourdin, which I believe is the young lady's name."

"Well, sir," continued Eglantine, turning to the general and addressing him, "are you not satisfied with that reply?"

"Certainly not," replied General Tahourdin. "I am positive that Constantia went away with you. We traced you to the railway, and we heard of both of you at the station near here, at which I alighted just now. There, however, the track is lost."

Eglantine smiled faintly.

"And is not likely to be found," she observed.

"Are you aware, young lady," cried General Tahourdin, "that you have been illegally acting in carrying off my daughter in this impudent manner? If I liked I could call in a policeman and give you in charge, and you would be severely punished."

"I am not a child, General Tahourdin, to be frightened by such empty threats," replied Eglantine, with a scornful laugh. "Your daughter is grown up, and perfectly well able to take care of herself. You could

not prove that I, a woman, abducted her, and you know it. I defy you! Do your worst!"

The general had not expected this. He remained silent for a time, during which Eglantine attentively remarked the nervous working of his countenance.

"What is your object in taking Constantia away?" he asked, at length, trying to entrap her into an admission.

"Very cleverly put," said Eglantine, with a laugh. "But understand, once for all, I admit nothing. Let me, however, ask you a question."

"Certainly," he answered.

"Do you love your daughter?"

"Passionately. You have heard me say that I lost my son at sea, and ever since then my affection has centred upon Constantia. You must know it; you must have seen it! I did not know myself until today how much I really did love her."

"And I," said Eglantine, "I love my father with all or more love than you entertain for Constantia."

"I do not doubt it."

"On the other hand, you hate him. You have cherished this fatal vendetta against my poor father until it has become part and parcel of your being, General Tahourdin; but you forget that, though you were disgraced by the punishment inflicted upon you by his orders on board his ship, you were to blame. It was you who committed a breach of the regulations. You behaved in an insubordinate manner, which was highly reprehensible and calculated to demoralize the ship's crew. It was Captain Passingham's duty to punish you, which he did."

"Do not recall the horrid incident; it maddens me," cried the general, gasping for breath.

"You will pardon me for dwelling upon it, but I must. I want to show you, first of all, that you have been unjust to my father, and that he does not really deserve your resentment. He did not know that you were a gentleman, and even had he been aware of it he must have done his duty."

General Tahourdin shook his head.

"You will not admit it?" said Eglantine. "Never mind. Tell me this. If you cannot recover your daughter by any other means, will you forgive and forget the past, and make friendly terms with a man who never intended to injure you, or sow the seeds of deadly hatred towards him in your breast?"

"I do not quite understand you," said the general.

"In other words, I will say, for the sake of argument, that I, if I choose, can bring you and your daughter together in an hour's time, but that, if I do not choose, you will never see her again. Suppose I were to render you this great service, will you abandon your attempts to ruin my father—give him a good title to his property, relinquish your claims to an old debt, and conquer your passion for revenge?"

The general paced the room impatiently. Suddenly he stopped before Eglantine and said:

"To take away my child is an outrage; the law must punish it."

"Prove that I have done so," answered Eglantine.

"You admit as much."

"I beg your pardon. I do nothing of the kind. I simply put a supposititious case to you, and I am waiting for an answer. Am I to have one?"

She looked in his face with much more impatience than he imagined she felt.

"I can see now. It is a plot. You have been working for this," he exclaimed. "You came into my house by accident, I am willing to believe that; but once there you determined to make good use of your opportunity. Your idea was to save your father. You studied my character to find out where I was most vulnerable. I am hard as iron and firm as a rock, yet, like Achilles, who was only to be wounded in his heel, I have a soft spot—my love for my child. It is through that I am stabbed."

"My dear sir," said Captain Passingham, "let me add my entreaties to my daughter's that you will allow the feud between us to sink into oblivion."

"For me there is no oblivion but the grave," rejoined the general, mournfully.

"Do not say that," cried Eglantine. "If you cannot forget you can forgive. The wound will gradually heal. It is human to err, but to forgive is divine. Rise superior to such petty ideas as revenge and hatred, substituting for them the grander passions of love and friendship."

"Then the purpose of my life would be defeated," he said.

"If it is a bad purpose so much the better," rejoined Eglantine. "There is a life hereafter, general, and for that you must be prepared. Do you think there is anything glorious in hunting down a poor old man who wronged you without knowing it many years ago?"

"I cannot forgive the outrage to which he subjected me; the blows fell on my heart, and were burnt in there with red-hot iron. The marks are indelible, yet, for my daughter's sake, I will make peace."

"On what terms?"

"Nay, it is for you to name them," said the general, gallantly.

"Abandon your persecution of my father in every respect, disperse the society of the Iron Cross, cease living in the past, and look forward to a happy future, made more promising by a contented present."

A change seemed to come over General Tahourdin. He had seldom been spoken to in this way. His daughter was too selfish to think or speak nobly. A new life as it were opened up before him, and, extending his hand to Eglantine, he said:

"I accept your terms, young lady, and I thank you for showing me that our nature contains other passions than revenge which can give pleasure. Captain Passingham," he added, "your daughter's words have come to me like a message of peace from heaven. While she is gone to search for Constantia I will claim your hospitality."

"Which shall be gladly extended to you," answered the captain, scarcely able to believe in the good fortune which had come upon him so unexpectedly.

"It seems like a dream," muttered General Tahourdin. "That which I have worked to obtain for many years crumbles into dust at the bidding of a woman. I am like a man who has been building a spacious edifice, on which he has expended his capital, wasted his time and energy for a long period, and feels a justifiable pride as it nears completion. Suddenly, through some radical defect in the foundation, it collapses utterly, and soon lies a heap of ruins."

"General," said Eglantine, "you are a gentleman, and I simply require your word of honour that you will adhere to the compact just made between us."

"You have it, my dear," he answered, with the old tenderness in his tone he was accustomed to use when she lived in his house and before he knew she was the daughter of his detested foe.

"Very well. In two hours I shall return with Constantia, who is perfectly safe. You need not make yourself in the least uneasy about her."

"I shall await your coming with the utmost impatience," she said.

Eglantine had worked a miracle, for she left her father and General Tahourdin engaged in friendly conversation, a thing which appeared impossible, but which she had brought about by her cleverness.

It was a proud reflection for her. Already she saw an end to the misery which had desolated their home, already she saw her father recover his equanimity. In the altered vista of the future she saw a probable reconciliation with Everard Bourne, for since her dismissal of him she had begun to think she had acted rather harshly, and that it was not absolutely incumbent upon her to drive him from her for ever because there was a blot upon her family name which was not of her bringing.

She quickly walked through the village, and began to retrace her steps to Goody Merlin's cottage, intending to liberate Constantia and bring her back to her anxious father.

When half-way between Stanstead and the wood, in a wild, picturesque part of the country, she was astonished at meeting a man on horseback who pronounced her name. Looking up, she saw it was Leon.

"Ah!" he continued. "Has the wanderer returned? You do not know how heart-broken I have been about you. If you had guessed half my grief you would at least have written me a few lines."

"Why should I write to you, Leon?" asked Eglantine, coldly.

"Because you know how dearly I love you," he answered.

"It is absurd and useless to talk to me in such a way!" she exclaimed. "I have told you that I could never be anything more to you than a sister, and if you continue to annoy me I shall consider myself insulted."

"I am very sorry," Leon said; "but I must ask you to come to the Wilds and stay for a few days with us; my friend, Mr. Vigers Morgan, will be very glad to see you. Come, let me lift you on my horse!"

"You are joking, surely!" Eglantine said, trembling violently.

"I was never more in earnest in my life," he replied. "You know very well that I am an odd, reckless fellow, and when a man is in love he is not particular what he does."

Eglantine looked at him in profound astonishment, mingled with dismay, as he sprang lightly from his horse and advanced towards her.

CHAPTER XXII.

Present fears

Are less than horrible imaginings. *Macbeth.*

LEON boldly seized Eglantine in his arms without any farther parley.

Shriek after shriek arose from her on the morning air, but she was far from help and succour. The

wind seemed to mock her cries. She was as helpless as the Sabine women when carried off by the daring Roman soldiers, and before she could realize her position she was on the back of the horse and held tightly by her abductor, who set spurs to his steed and careered wildly across country towards the Wilds.

To have struggled now would have been to jeopardize her life, and she was not rash enough to precipitate herself to the ground and risk the terrible injuries she would probably receive in so doing.

In twenty minutes Leon had reached the hall, whereupon he drew up his panting horse at the door.

He dismounted with Eglantine in his arms, and, making her a low bow as he released his grasp of her, he exclaimed:

"Welcome to the Wilds! Be good enough to precede me."

She did as he requested her, and entered the morning-room, in which Mr. Morgan was smoking a cigar.

"Miss Passingham!" he said, in a tone of surprise. "You may well be astonished at seeing me here, sir," she answered, as boldly as she could. "It is, however, a source of pleasure to me to meet you, for you are a gentleman and will protect me. You cannot but be shocked at the outrage which has been committed upon me by Mr. Leon Damsert, to whom I have been a sister."

"What is the meaning of this?" asked Mr. Vigers Morgan.

"You shall hear," Eglantine answered. "I was walking in the fields when I met Leon, who, after a few words which I characterized as an insult, seized me in his arms, placed me on the saddle of his horse, and brought me here without any explanation of his extraordinary conduct."

"A lovers' quarrel, I presume?" said Vigers Morgan.

"Not at all, sir," she replied. "I have never entertained any feeling but that of a warm friendship for Leon. It is true he has uttered words of love to me, but I have checked him at the outset. I can never love him, and if he entertains affection for me it is his duty as a gentleman and a man of honour to check it at once. I appeal to you to rebuke him for his inexcusable behaviour, and to allow me to take my departure."

"What have you to say to this, Damsert?" inquired Mr. Morgan.

"In the first place, I demand strict neutrality on your part in this affair. You must not interfere in my business; I will not allow you or any other man to do so," Leon replied. "Eglantine and I are old friends. She is fully aware of my passion for her, and I intend to make her my wife whether she will or not."

"You hear him!" ejaculated Eglantine, whose only hope now depended upon Mr. Morgan.

"I do," he answered, "and I must say that I think he speaks very sensibly. Marry him by all means, Miss Passingham; he will make you a good husband. I shall be happy to allow the ceremony to take place in my chapel here, and I will, with your kind permission, give away the bride."

These words fell like an avalanche upon Eglantine, depriving her of all hope. She sank into a chair as if she were going to faint; her head swam, and her ideas were in a dizzy maze.

"I implore you to protect me," was all she could say.

Then her head sank back, and she became insensible.

When she came to herself she was in a handsomely furnished room, and an old woman was bending over her with a bottle of smelling-salts in her hand. This woman was old, repulsive, and ugly. Eglantine shrank away from her; the scene of a few minutes previously came back to her, and she knew that this evil creature was her jailer.

"Come, dearie," said the old woman, in a harsh, croaking voice. "Don't be cast down, nobody's going to hurt you. My name's Cobhouse—Old Cob they call me. I'm put here to mind you while you stay. It all depends upon yourself how long you remain shut up."

"Am I a prisoner?" Eglantine asked, faintly.

"Certainly. This room and the bedroom adjoining are your apartments, ducky," answered Old Cob. "The doors are all locked, and the windows barred, so you can't very well get out. When I leave you I shall open the door and lock it again on the outside."

"How long am I to remain here?"

"As I said before, that depends on yourself and on nobody else. Mr. Leon's a nice gentleman, and has made up his mind to marry you, take my word for it, dearie, and I am an old woman who has seen something of the world. You might go farther and fare worse. When you say you will be his wife you are to be married in the chapel."

"Until then I am to remain in these rooms—I

that what you mean?" Eglantine said, with the cold feeling of chilling despair at her heart.

"That's it exactly," the old woman said. "I thought you'd soon understand me."

"But my friends will miss me. I shall be discovered. You will all be tried for a conspiracy and transported."

"We're willing to run the risk of that, dearie," Old Cob said, with a ghastly grin. "I'm well paid for what I do. No one saw you come here. No one will know you are here, but Mr. Morgan, Mr. Leon, and myself."

"If money is a consideration with you," Eglantine said, eagerly, "perhaps I can give you more than you are likely to receive from your present employers. Tell me how much you want. My father will pay anything in the world to save me from the dreadful fate that is in store for me."

"A bird in the hand, dearie, 'is worth two in the bush," said the old woman, with a sagacious shake of the head. "That's an old saying, but it's a good one. I can't serve two masters, and if your father would give me the wealth of the Indies I would not go to him."

"At least you will not mind delivering a message, or a slip of paper? You shall see what I write. The matter is of the utmost importance—it is indeed."

"I can do nothing of the sort."

"You shall have what money I have with me, and my jewellery," Eglantine added.

"If you were not so excited, ducky, you would see that I have taken them already. In your purse was seven pounds nineteen shillings. You had three rings—one on the right, two on the left hand, and one gold bracelet."

Eglantine looked at her fingers and wrist and simultaneously felt in her pocket. What the old woman had stated was strictly true. She had robbed her.

With a sigh Eglantine sank back in the chair in which she was sitting. Her eyes closed gradually and she fainted a second time.

This unfortunate affair had completely upset all her arrangements. She could not now keep faith with General Tahourdin, who would be waiting impatiently for her return, and would begin shortly to think that he was being trifled with. If this conviction gained ground with her prolonged absence, and became a certainty, his anger would be raised and his hatred for her father receive new life.

Thoroughly in the power of Leon as she was, there was no telling how long she might be kept a prisoner. Goody Merlin would be perplexed to know what to do with her prisoner. Everything would become disorganized. The reflections which overpowered her were maddening.

Nor was she wrong in her conjectures as to what General Tahourdin's course of action would be. He had been mollified and conciliated by Eglantine, but, the foundation of the peace he had made having been the hope of recovering his daughter, as hour after hour passed by and there were no signs of Eglantine returning, he grew anxious, then he became angry. In vain Captain Passingham set before him a luxurious lunch. He refused to touch it, and contented himself with a few glasses of wine and a biscuit.

At last night fell, and he could no longer conceal his impatience and dissatisfaction.

"It seems to me," he said, "that your daughter does not mean to fulfil her part of the compact into which we entered."

"I cannot account for her absence," replied Captain Passingham. "She is not a girl to purposely break her word."

"Nor am I in the habit of breaking mine. But if Constantia be not restored you can expect no mercy from me. I shall consider that I am absolved from the promise I have made."

"I fear that something has happened to her."

"That may be. It looks to me more like treachery on her part."

"Can I offer you a bed?" asked the captain; "we may expect Eglantine every instant, and by to-morrow all may be well. Unthought-of difficulties may have sprung up. I would answer for my daughter with my life."

General Tahourdin reflected for a moment.

"No," he said, at length; "under existing circumstances I cannot sleep at your house. I will stay in the neighbourhood, where I have a right to go and know that I shall be welcome. I will give you three days to produce my child; at the end of that time, if she is not forthcoming, war, war to the knife."

Captain Passingham bowed his head, he could say nothing in reply to this. A moment before he had been congratulating himself upon his escape from the danger which surrounded him, and now the clouds were gathering over his head blacker than ever.

The general rose and bowed coldly to his host, and took his leave without offering him his hand. Walk-



[THE ABDUCTION.]

ing to the inn, he ordered a fly, and was driven to the Wilds, where he could expect the warmest welcome, Vigers Morgan being a creature of his and a member of the secret society of the Iron Cross.

Three days!

The time was not long. Yet Captain Passingham could not bring himself to believe that Eglantine would intentionally keep away after her anxiety to make peace between them and her distinct promise to bring back Constantia in a couple of hours. Something must have happened, something of a serious nature, and her unhappy father was made miserable by being plunged into a sea of doubt and conjecture.

General Tahourdin was an unexpected guest at the Wilds. Vigers Morgan was glad to see him, for while he was obeying his orders in the country other members of the society of the Iron Cross were working for him in London. He was the son of a rich man whom he had offended by riotous living and dissolute conduct. When he joined the Iron Cross the general undertook to reconcile him to his father and get him reinstated in his favour, and his quiet mode of life at the Wilds was one ground for the father's forgiveness. This was always the plan of the extraordinary man who formed the Iron Cross. All the members worked for their mutual benefit.

"Have you any news for me?" inquired Morgan, anxiously.

"Your father will receive you in one month from this time, when you will quit this place, as I only bought it for your operations against Captain Passingham, and I intend to sell it again immediately," replied the general.

"That is excellent. I shall never regret having joined the Iron Cross," said Vigers Morgan, gleefully. "If my father receive me I shall be able to resume the position in society which I have lost. I trust you have come to stay a short time here?"

"My stay will be limited to three days," answered the general.

"Have I given you satisfaction since I have been at the Wilds?"

"I am happy to say you have."

At this juncture Leon entered.

"My secretary, Leon," said Vigers Morgan.

The two men bowed. General Tahourdin gazed curiously at him; he passed his hand over his brow, as if he was trying to call some old and well-known face to mind, but with a sad shake of the head he turned away and resumed his conversation with Mr. Morgan.

The general had no suspicion that Eglantine, whose absence he was deploring, was a prisoner in the same

house in which he intended to take up his abode for a brief space.

The first and second day passed in fishing, shooting, and reading; on the evening of the third Eglantine found her captivity growing terribly irksome. She had tried in vain to bribe the woman Cobhouse, who was appointed her jailer. Leon had not intruded his presence upon her, but he sent twice a day to ask if she wished to see him, or had any message to send, her invariable reply being in the negative.

On the morning of the third day General Tahourdin drove over to Medusa Lodge at Stanstead, and had an interview with Captain Passingham, who was very downcast.

"What news?" demanded the general.

"None at all," was the reply. "I have seen nothing of my daughter, whose prolonged absence is an inexplicable mystery to me. I can say nothing more."

"Nor is it necessary I should. You know that you may expect my renewed hostility. When your daughter hears that my persecution of you has effected your ruin she will probably reconsider her determination not to give me back my child, of whom she has so infamously deprived me. I wish you good morning, Captain Passingham; our truce over, we begin again."

So saying, the general left the house, and Captain Passingham would not humble himself so far as to beg for the mercy which would not be accorded to him. The truce was over, and a more terrible warfare than that previously existing would begin.

On his return to the Wilds General Tahourdin said to Vigers Morgan:

"You received instructions from me to sue Captain Passingham on an old debt which I bought up—have you done so?"

"My solicitor did," replied Morgan. "He was served with a writ, and, not putting in an appearance, judgment went by default. He can be arrested at any moment, or a writ of *faciās* can be taken out which will sell up his home. Which course will you adopt?"

"We will drive him from his home," answered the general, his face lighting up with malicious satisfaction, "and he shall be arrested in a week's time on the criminal charge which I have so carefully prepared. Be good enough to go at once to your solicitor, and give him orders to serve the proper notices upon Captain Passingham, and send an auctioneer without delay to sell the furniture and effects. Never mind advertising the sale; let the things go for anything. I do not want money, I want revenge, and delays are intolerable."

"I will go directly," answered Vigers Morgan,

who promptly rang the bell and ordered a horse to be saddled.

Eglantine had an intuitive feeling that her father would soon feel the effects of the general's hostility, and she was so anxious to make her escape that she hit upon an ingenious device.

Old Cob always went down to the servants' hall at stated times to have her meals. At half-past nine she went to supper, remained half an hour, then came up to see Eglantine into bed, and supply any want which she might have.

On the evening of the fourth day Eglantine took half a sheet of note-paper and wrote on it:

"Any one taking this note to Mr. Everard Bourne, of Falling Water, and telling him that Eglantine is confined against her will at the Wilds, shall be rewarded with fifty pounds. Secrecy and despatch must be used."

When Old Cob turned to leave the room, saying, "Is there anything else you require, dearie?" Eglantine answered, "No, thank you," and added, "Stay, just a moment; your dress is tucked up behind, Mrs. Cobhouse. I will arrange it for you—don't trouble."

As she spoke she crossed the room, and, with considerable dexterity, pinned the paper conspicuously on the skirts of her dress in a part near the hem, where she felt certain it would attract attention. The servants would be sure to see it, and one of them would possess him or her self of it, and, she hoped, be tempted by the reward to communicate with Everard Bourne at Falling Water, if he should happen to be there.

It was just a chance. A man of his roving disposition might be in London, Paris, or one of a hundred other places. She wished when Old Cob had gone out of the room that she had put Lily Bourne's name on the paper instead of her brother's.

She passed a terribly anxious half-hour, and was relieved when Cobhouse returned without the paper on her dress, and making no remark which led her to infer that it had been removed without her knowing it. All she said was:

"How playful some of the young men are, dearie. There was young Bob Stammers, the groom, to-night, looked at me all over as if he could eat me, and all at once he catches me in his arms, crying, 'I'll have a kiss, old lady!' but I boxed his ears and he went about his business. I'll warrant I don't want any young fellows about me."

Eglantine smiled.

Bob Stammers she felt sure had got the paper, and she might expect beneficial results to flow from her stratagem, which was the offspring of despair.

(To be continued.)



[TREDDLE'S WELCOME.]

THROUGH DARKNESS TO DAWN.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Journeys end in lovers' meeting
Every wise man's son doth know.

Twelfth Night.

"Four days to the third of April. Only four days!"

On the morning after his interview with the unknown this was what Spiderby said to himself as he awakened to the consciousness of a beautiful spring morning. Visions of security and the sweet companionship of Alice Glaston made him feel like a young and almost like an innocent man.

Yet never for many moments at a time could he forget that he was not innocent, or sink the rising sense of danger which deepened about him. So, as he dressed himself, he repeated, over and over, as a solace and an inspiration—"Only four days!"

"I wish Mrs. Glaston would remain a day or two in London with her friends there. Probably she has purchases to make. I see no reason why she should not start to-morrow. She ought to have a little time in London. I must suggest it."

The very idea increased his cheerfulness. It seemed to bring the day of his emancipation so much the nearer.

He ate his breakfast with excellent relish, immediately afterwards going up to Mrs. Glaston's to make the proposition to her. But neither she nor Katrine had completed preparations so as to allow of such a change of plans, and he was obliged to go away disappointed.

The house was to be occupied by a young couple to whom Spiderby had already let it for a year. The greater part of the furniture was to remain in it, for which Mrs. Glaston was to receive a consideration, it being her own personal property. But there were many articles far too dearly cherished by her to admit of her leaving them with strangers—special gifts from Harry, made precious by associations.

These had all to be packed and stored. Alice insisted upon personal superintendence of the process, so that it was quite impossible for her to be ready to leave Burnley on the morrow. There was nothing she required to do in London, and she had no desire to meet people, even Harry's sister, for anything more than a few parting words. As for Katrine, she wished to stay in Burnley to the last moment prudent. She had received a letter from Thomas under cover to Jerry Tomkins, promising that he would be in Burnley before long; and she daily expected

him, though she said nothing to Spiderby about this expectation.

Spiderby walked slowly back to the bank through the warm spring sunshine, thinking how lovely Alice looked as she came down to meet him that morning.

"Lovely as a spirit, even in that hideous black dress," he mused. "I will coax her back into those pretty blue things she used to wear by another summer, I venture."

Pleased with this fancy he looked up, smiling, to see his ex-cashier, Treddle, standing on the steps of the bank.

His heart gave such a fearful throb that he paused to get breath. He knew that his face had blanched, so he stooped to examine a button on his shoe. When he rose it was red enough, then, for the first time, he affected to see the new arrival.

"Well, Thomas! you here! I declare this is an unexpected pleasure. I hardly thought you would venture to travel yet. You look thin. Breaking your bones doesn't agree with you very well. Which arm was it? Your right? Then I'll not shake that hand, for fear I renew the accident. Give me your left hand, my boy! How long since you arrived?"

He simulated gladness with very good success, shaking Thomas's left hand until it ached.

"Been here long?"

"About five minutes."

"Rode all night, I suppose. Breakfasted yet?"

Thomas had not broken his fast. The banker insisted on taking him across to the hotel to his own room, where the traveller washed and brushed himself, while a choice meal was preparing.

Spiderby remained with him, going down to the eating-room in his company, talking, continuously, in a rapid, animated manner, asking all about the business in Manchester, and wonderfully regretting that Treddle had not remained there.

"I daresay it was a pair of dark eyes which brought you back. Women's eyes have a curious power over us—oh, Thomas? You're back in the nick of time to say good-bye to Miss Katrine. She returns to school in three or four days. I daresay you have not heard that Mrs. Glaston is going abroad?"

Treddle's look of surprise showed him that he was ignorant of the recent arrangements. He went on to give him an account of them.

His listener felt and said that the plan was excellent—that nothing could be better for Mrs. Glaston, and probably Katrine, also, would be as happily situated as her circumstances would allow. Yet he felt a dread and dismay at hearing that Spiderby was to escort Mrs. Glaston.

The hints thrown out by Peter had made a deep impression on Thomas. He was disturbed—doubtful. He felt that it was his duty not to permit it.

As if the banker could read his inmost thoughts, and sought to propitiate him, Spiderby's demeanour was full of the warmest friendship, through which ran a current of deprecation, as if he beseeched the mercy of his companion.

"I am convinced that Mrs. Glaston's health demands this change," said the banker. "I long to see her in a milder climate, amid new scenes. Miss Bromley's heart is quite set on it also. I do hope we shall get quietly away. I think even the excitement of the preparation is benefiting Mrs. Glaston."

He had put it in the most cunning way. Treddle parted from his employer to go to call upon the ladies, feeling that it might be disastrous to the young widow to take steps, at this late day, to break up her plans.

It was true that she might seek her relatives abroad under other protection than Spiderby's, yet, should some terrible matters come to light, would she care to go? Would she not remain on the scene? and would not the shock be fatal to her?

Treddle felt very apprehensive that in seeking justice for the murdered husband he would destroy Alice Glaston.

He had come to no settled conclusion when he reached the house. Then, waiting for the response to his ring, his whole being was absorbed in the anticipation of meeting the girl he loved.

It was Katrine who came to the door. She gave a little cry.

Thomas stepped quickly in, shutting the door behind him; he had no mind that people in the street should witness this joyful meeting.

He stood silent, smiling, holding out his arms, while Katy grew every instant more bewitching with the blushes breaking over her cheeks and the light growing in her eyes. She appeared so shy, too, for such a spirited creature. Nothing could be more entrancing than the timidity with which she hovered just outside his extended arms.

"You don't pity me one bit, and I am perfectly worn out with this long journey to see you," said her lover, speaking in the wannish spirit which is always ready to appeal to a woman's generous weakness—her sympathy for his sufferings.

Then Katrine realized that he had grown thin—that his high colour was most becomingly subdued—that he had lain long weeks on a sick-bed, and, without more ado, she flung herself into those outstretched arms, lifting her mouth for him to kiss.

"You have been very ill," she said, softly.

"Yes; I did suffer a great deal. But that is all over. I am the happiest man in the world now, Katrine."

"Oh, how glad I am to see you! Let me run and tell Alice!"

"Alice can wait. She won't be so eager about meeting me. I want to look at you a little longer. You have grown very handsome since I went away. What have you been doing to yourself?"

"Wasn't I handsome before?" pouted Katy, trying not to be too delighted.

"Dear me! I didn't mean that you were ever less than beautiful. You were always perfect; but, Katy, somehow your cheeks are so velvety, your eyes so shining, your dimples so deep, your rosy mouth so—"

"Fie, sir! you take liberties! Besides, I'm not easily flattered! I'm going now after Alice, to pay you for that!"

She ran off and came back with Mrs. Glaston. All three went into the sitting-room—which they had not yet begun to dismantle, leaving that to the last—where they sat down and indulged in a long, cheerful chat. At least it was cheerful to the lovers, while even Alice forgot her own desolation in sympathy with their young hopes and happiness.

She seemed, too, much pleased with the anticipation of meeting her relatives.

"Only," she remarked, confidentially, "you know, Mr. Treddle, that I would prefer almost any other escort."

"Then you do not entirely like the idea of Mr. Spiderby's company?"

"No, I do not," she exclaimed, with an air of displeasure and aversion. "I have reason to dislike him. I consider it very unfortunate that I have to go with him. Still it will be for a brief time only that I shall be near him. After that I expect to be rid of him, I trust, for ever."

It was strange to hear the gentle Alice express herself so vehemently.

Before that delightful morning was over a formal engagement was entered into by the lovers, with the sister's warm approval.

Now that Mrs. Glaston was provided for the only bar to Katrine's consent was removed. There was no change of her plan to remain a year at school. She was too young to marry, and Treddle was out of business. After the year had expired, and Alice had come back, it would be time to discuss the marriage.

They were quite as happy as they cared to be to have matters put on so agreeable a footing at this. It was true that the lovers could meet only occasionally, yet, since each had some work to accomplish, this was, perhaps, a wise necessity.

Very little was said in Alice's presence of the intercepted letters. Katrine felt that Thomas had something to explain when the opportunity arrived. It was not his purpose, nor her own, to make Alice think worse of Spiderby, so long as she had to endure his company. Treddle was still making up his mind.

When he returned to the bank in the afternoon he was met by a proposition from Spiderby to take the superintendence of his business during his absence abroad, on a large salary. Treddle neither accepted nor refused; as before on similar occasions he asked time to think of it.

"You are out of business; you can hardly hope to do better; why stop to think of it?" asked the banker, his ready suspicions aroused.

"I had expected to set up for myself. I wish you would find some other man, Mr. Spiderby."

"But I don't like to put a stranger in so important a position just as I am leaving the country. You are the only proper person."

"You scarcely expected me back. Who would you have put in had I remained in Manchester?"

"I should have left things with my cashier. Still, I'm willing to pay you the extra salary for the sake of having you here. It will more than pay me."

"I can't take it, Mr. Spiderby. I had a course of action laid out before I came home, by which I shall abide."

"That's rather ungrateful of you, Treddle, after all I've done for you."

Thomas made no defence against this accusation. He saw that Spiderby was as uneasy as a fish out of water.

Still no reference to the stolen correspondence—no retort upon the banker of any kind. Treddle was almost too quiet.

Spiderby would have given much to know if Treddle had discovered, during his long visit to Miss Bromley, how his letters had never been received. Pshaw! of course he must have learned it. Had he any suspicions of what had happened to them?

Spiderby racked his brain for a plausible errand on which he might send Treddle, to be rid of him for a day or two more.

He asked him to go to Liverpool and collect some

money due to him there, which he should like to have before he left; but the young man answered that he had promised his time and assistance to Miss Bromley, and could not go. Thwarted in this effort, he made himself busy to keep Peter and the cashier as far apart as possible. He was afraid of an understanding between these two.

However, Peter could give no testimony with regard to the letters having been received, as they were placed in the bag by the clerk at the post-office, and the bag locked before being handed over to the porter.

He felt more composed as he observed no effort of the two at private conversation. It had been a longer and more troubled day than he had anticipated when he arose so cheerily that morning. But as darkness once more crept over the earth he could begin to whisper:

"Only three days more to the third of April." Treddle was very anxious that evening to get back to Katrine, but he took Mrs. Cooper's house on his way, dropping in for a few moments' talk with Peter.

He was grieved to see how ill Mrs. Cooper had changed.

Listless, sullen and pale, she did not appear like the same rosy girl he had once known. She seemed embarrassed with the recollection of that interview, which she had sought with him; after a minute or two, she threw a shawl over her head, saying that, as it was moonlight, she would run into one of the neighbours' houses for a short time.

Peter asked Treddle, with many apologies, to come out into the kitchen. Their conversation was of too private a character to share even with Mrs. Cooper, who knew so much.

Peter gave a graphic sketch, from his point of view, of all that had occurred in the other's absence, not omitting an account of that singular John Glaston who had arisen, as it were, from the depths of the sea to linger about Burley, "and make folks uneasy."

"Now, I'm going to tell you something right curious about him," continued Peter. "Last night I saw him, and I took it into my head to follow and find out where he would go. I followed, and where do you think it was?"

"I'm sure I needn't waste time in guessing."

"Well, he made off, straight as a string, for old Doctor Bazzard's."

"Indeed."

"Well, my curiosity was so fired that it got the bit in its mouth and took me right up to the doctor's kitchen window. May I be switched if that queer old customer hadn't got his table set for two, and when 'tother one came in they spoke together just like members of the same family. They had supper as cozy as you please. I reckon he lives there."

This set Treddle to thinking of his promise to Doctor Adams.

"I will go there to-morrow," he mentally resolved.

"And now about the widow. I tell you, Thomas Treddle, I'd rather set half an hour on a hot grid-iron than see her goin' off on a trip with old Spider. I feel awful about her. It makes me ill. Jest as true as you're alive, it's our bounden duty to prevent it."

"I feel so too. But I dread the horrible clamour and the shock to her. Oh, how I shrink from it. At least, if we do enter into this business there must be no concealments between us, Peter. Your sister told me that you fished Mr. Glaston's body out of the water. If this were so, why did you not give it up to the coroner? You need not have accused Spiderby of placing it in the water. The theory of suicide would have remained the same."

"Sis told you, did she? I didn't give up the body because I couldn't; that's just why. If she told you part, why didn't she tell you all? I had good reasons."

"Are you afraid to trust me? I don't like to work in the dark."

"No, I ain't. I'll tell you all about it to-morrow evening. I meant to have done it long ago, only I had a curious feeling against it. I'll tell you all about it, then we'll make up our minds, once for all. We'll have time enough to block his little game o' stealing off the next day."

"Very well. I must go now. Meantime, I have a visit to make to-morrow forenoon. Good night."

Peter let him out by the kitchen door. Thomas was quite certain that he saw a flutter of female garments disappearing round the corner of the house as he stepped out. Immediately he conjectured that Elsie had been listening at the key-hole.

"That infatuated girl may betray us after all," was his unquiet reflection. "She may give Spiderby the hint in time for him to escape. Perhaps that will be the easiest way out of these difficulties. Much as I condemn and abhor the man, I don't want to feel that my hand has placed the rope about his neck. Yet there are atonements which he should make—"

disgorgement of property gained by deceiving the living, maligning the dead."

Out of these disturbing reflections Thomas sought to escape in the sweet company of Katrine. They had a real lovers' evening, all to themselves, for Mrs. Glaston was overwreathed by unwonted exertions and went early to her chamber.

The next morning Treddle hired a carriage and rode out to call on Doctor Bazzard. His ostensible errand was to give Dr. Adams's messages. He found the old recluse alone, much to his disappointment, and very glad to see any one who had just come from his friend's. They chatted for some time about affairs in Manchester. Finally Treddle remarked that Dr. Adams had expressed a wish for him to meet the patient whom he had under his care.

"I'm sure I can't understand his object. I tell you, as he told me."

"Certainly, certainly. I regret that he is away. It is a wonder that you did not meet him on the road. He usually spends much time in town."

"I did meet a forlorn-looking customer whose long, yellow hair attracted my attention. But his hat was slouched over his face so that I could not see his features. Was that the man?"

"Yes. I wish he had not gone so soon. I'm particularly anxious that you should see and talk with him—soon—before Mr. Spiderby gets away. He's a Glaston you've heard perhaps. You must see him to-day or to-morrow. I have my reasons. By-the-way, Mr. Treddle, what sort of a man is this Mr. Spiderby?"

The twinkling gray eyes were fixed upon him with such a penetrating gaze as to embarrass Treddle.

"Is he a man of principle?"

"That's a strange question to ask me—his employer, doctor."

"True, true. But I'm asking not from any idle curiosity—not as a man of man, but as a soul to soul. I wish you would tell me the plain truth about him. I'm a physiologist, and I have my theories of course. It isn't in a man built as Spiderby is to be a man of principle. I can answer my own question as far as that. What I want to know from you is whether you are aware of his having committed any special crime?"

Treddle struggled with himself for a short time. The burden of the secret he had so long borne pressed upon him terribly. Peter, though shrewd in some things, was not capable of giving him the advice which he needed. Here was the opportunity to seek it. The doctor, although singular in his manners and habits, was considered a man of talent and unusual discernment. In fact, he was so sharp that bad people were afraid of him.

"If you will swear not to reveal what I tell you, without my permission, I will make a confidant of you, Dr. Bazzard."

"I will not swear. You ought not to confide in me unless you are able to trust my judgment. I must be left free."

Treddle hesitated, yet, after all, he felt that the doctor was the more to be confided in from the stand he had taken.

Glancing at the windows, as if afraid the sunshine about them would play eavesdropper, drawing his chair close to the physician's, and speaking in a half-whisper, Treddle began and went directly through with all the facts which he knew or had obtained from Peter connected with Mr. Glaston's disappearance. He was listened to in absolute silence until he had finished.

"Good! I might almost say that I knew it. Indeed, I had sketched out some such plot as that. I am not so much surprised as you must have expected I would be. I must see this porter before we fix upon the course to be taken. It cannot be, my young friend, that you really contemplated allowing this arch villain to go quietly and prosperously off with the lady whose life he has blighted? Why, the very stones would cry out."

"I wanted advice. It seemed such a tremendous responsibility."

"It should never be so great a responsibility to do right. It's little pity or mercy he will get from me. One question, however—is it possible that this Mrs. Glaston, whom I have never seen, but of whom I have always heard so good a report—who seemed so devoted to her husband—is it possible that she is already taking a fancy to her husband's murderer?"

"It is not possible. If ever there was a heart-broken widow, I tell you, doctor, she is one. Yet, blighted, suffering as she is, he has dared to approach her with protestations of love—what is worse, to threaten to expose her husband's deceptions and forgeries if she continue to refuse his suit. On account of Mr. Glaston's good name she wants to keep peace with him—little suspecting what he is—but she dreads him. I have noticed that his presence seems to poison the air to her. The fact that he is to be her *compagnon de voyage* would be unendurable

to her were it not that she lives in the hope of shaking him off entirely when she reaches her relatives."

"We will see that he is shaken off a little sooner than that," chuckled the old physician. "Heavens! I don't know what stuff you are made of to have taken all this so quietly," he continued, rising and stamping about the bare floor. "If you have any qualms, young man, take a dose of love-of-justice and settle them. As for me, my blood kindles to think of it. However, I must wait—I must wait until to-morrow. Perhaps it is just as well that you have not met this John Glaston to-day. Don't try to meet him. I will bring him with me when I come. To-morrow evening, at dusk, I will meet you and this Peter Cooper—where?"

"At his house. I will give you the street and number. Spiderby sometimes goes there. Should he be about I will walk out in the road and meet you."

"All right. I wish the hour had come. I shall be there prepared to give you my aid and countenance in placing this bunker, Spiderby, before the eyes of the community in his proper character. Remember, young man, he is sly—subtle as a serpent. Don't you betray yourself by word or glance of the eye. Conive to be as hypocritical as you have been. If you fail we shall lose him yet. He will fly at the last moment. You are young, but it may be that you are discreet."

The old man was not particularly flattering, but Treddle was willing to confess that he needed just such furry contact.

Deeply excited yet greatly relieved to think another was willing to assume the active part in this hateful business, he drove back to Burnley.

(To be continued.)

ANOTHER PEABODY.—Mr. Josiah Mason, who last year built and endowed at a cost of over a quarter of a million an orphanage home at Erdington, near Birmingham, has resolved to make important additions to that noble institution, which at the present time contains 232 boys and girls. It has been considered desirable by Mr. Mason and others that there should be a separation of the sexes, and to that end he has determined to erect a new wing with dormitories to accommodate 100 children.

ANOTHER ALPINE RAILWAY.—The St. Gothard Railway, with a tunnel about the length of that of the Mont Cenis, will, it appears, very soon be commenced. The capital necessary for the tunnel is about 60,000,000fr., and for the lines to join the Italian and Swiss Railway about 125,000,000fr. Subsidies to the extent of 45,000,000fr. have been voted by Germany, Italy, and Switzerland. It is estimated that at least seven or eight years will be required for the entire completion of the work.

DISAPPEARANCE OF A LAKE.—A remarkable geographical phenomenon has lately been presented in the district of Telchep, in Lithuania. Near the little town of Wromin, on the road from Telchep to Koyno, was a lake eight versts in length and five in breadth, noted for its abundance of fish, the fishery of which was worth 1,500 roubles a year. A few weeks since, during a perfect calm, the waters of this lake rose and were agitated as if by a violent tempest, while a strong sulphurous smell rising from them pervaded the locality. After two or three days this ebullition ceased, and the surface of the lake was covered with dead fish, some of which were so large as to weigh 200lbs. each. Fearing their decomposition would breed pestilence, the inhabitants of the neighbouring villages were called upon to collect them, and they were buried with a goodly covering of lime. Since then the lake began to sink, while the sulphurous odour increased daily, and the lake at the latest accounts had become nearly dry. It is supposed that the limestone and chalk bottom of the lake has given way, and the waters have sunk into a subterranean canal.

LOVE IN THE WORKHOUSE.—It is pleasant to find that even poor-law guardians are not wholly insensible to the finer feelings of our imperfect nature, and can occasionally show sympathy in matters affecting the heart. At the last meeting of the Hackney guardians the chairman asked the Board whether "there was any just cause why two persons receiving out-door relief should not be joined in holy matrimony." There was a widower, aged seventy-five, in receipt of a weekly allowance from the guardians, who had fallen a victim to the blandishments of a lady aged seventy-four, in like manner dependent on the parish, and was anxious to lead her to the altar; the lovers, however, with most praiseworthy prudence, were anxious before taking the final plunge to know whether, if they did so, they would still be allowed their out-door relief. One guardian expressed his opinion that the enamoured couple should after marriage be ordered into the workhouse; but the other guardians, doubtless remembering that they too had "once been young," declined to take this worldly view of

the matter, or throw any difficulty in the way of the contemplated union. The marriage will, therefore, take place; indeed by this time the knot has been tied, and the young people have begun to gether the great battle of life. Love is, indeed, a volcano, the crater of which, it has been well remarked, no wise man will approach too nearly; but in the present instance the out-door relief so kindly continued by the guardians diminishes the perils too often attendant upon matrimony, and it can hardly be denied that both the lady and gentleman are old enough to know their own minds.

LUTE'S HUSBAND.

So Lute was married. What a coming down to be sure from all her fine, romantic notions! How often, at the last school she went to, when she was far into her teens, had she entertained her companions with a description of the only sort of man whom she could ever be persuaded to marry. He must be tall and slender—she hated solid-looking men—and at the same time he must have an air of stateliness. He must have regular features, of a fine Grecian type, a clear, colourless skin, dark moustache and hair, pearly teeth, and brilliant eyes. He must be a sweet singer, and play the guitar, and he must dance perfectly, and ride on horseback as if he were a dragoon.

How many times all the girls had gathered about the beauty of the school and heard her tell what she could, would, and should have. They all believed in her, and did not doubt that she would have all she chose.

Shortly after she left school the gentleman came along—the very man, moustache, eyes, shape, voice, and dancing; and, as a matter of course, he took a fancy to Lute Cameron. But the course of true love never did run smooth, and Lute's was no exception. In the first place her father, one of the most high-principled of men, objected to Max Farren. The young man was not after his pattern; he was too fine and gay; he had nothing to support a wife on. He didn't want a daughter of his to marry such a fellow.

But then Max Farren had not asked Lute to marry him; he had not even committed himself much. He had merely shown her those polite attentions which any young man may show a pretty girl. If Lute had any fears they were not lost; he should pay her too much attention.

There was considerable commotion in the Cameron family about the matter. Lute denied that there was any courtship at all, and insisted that the young man should be well received when he came, and that she should go out with him whenever he asked her. As she was an eldest daughter, and the idol of the household, they yielded, though with sorrow.

So six months passed away, and somehow at the end of that time Lute didn't seem quite happy. She was gay it was true, but it was a nervous gaiety, and she showed a certain uneasy jealousy concerning Max Farren, though she declared she was not engaged to him, and had no thought of being.

The reason was plain, to the minds of some at least.

Max was hesitating before committing himself. The young man was pleased with her, loved her after his fashion, and, at the same time, loved himself more.

But Lute's father was not very rich, and he had a large family. These causes, with his dislike of the young man, would prevent his giving him much in the event of his daughter marrying him.

Moreover, Lute's Aunt Jane, a spinster, had vowed that if Lute married Max her property should go to her nephew. So it was love or money, and Mr. Farren was not a person to live on love and roses. Poor Lute! her hero turned out to be very mortal indeed.

At this juncture of affairs a new actor came on to the scene—Mr. James Morton, a bachelor of thirty-eight, and as little as possible like the ideal young man whom Lute had pictured as her future husband. He was a quiet, rather stout, but well-formed gentleman, with smooth, fair hair, a firm, colourless face, clear gray eyes, and he neither danced nor played the guitar.

He had been heard to sing in a rich baritone; but only a few had heard him, and among that few Lute was not.

This man had a fine face—sensible and educated people said—and his manner was perfect; but to a pretty, undisciplined girl of twenty he was simply a dull old bachelor. He did not sigh and hang over the back of Lute's chair, he came up in front of it in a manly way and said what he had to say without any circumlocution.

This gentleman knew all about the affair with Max Farren from first to last, was an old acquaintance of Max's, though not at all intimate with him; yet, in the face of these facts, he asked Mr. Cameron's permission to address his daughter.

At first Lute gave an indignant refusal. What

did she care if Mr. Morton was rich and honourable? What business had he to offer himself through her father, as if she were for sale? and so forth.

But all this scolding being addressed to her father and not to the suitor did no great harm. Her father talked to her, and after a while she cooled down, though she did not accept the offer.

"I shall tell Mr. Morton that you are not in any way engaged, and do not wish to be at present," Mr. Cameron said. "I shall leave the matter open if he chooses to wait."

"I won't have him, and he needn't wait!" cried Lute.

Here her father got out of patience, and determined to exercise his authority.

"I am not going to allow you to act like a simpleton," he said. "You need not marry the man now, nor engage yourself to him now; but you shall not throw away such a chance for ever. You will never have another like him, and you may grow wise enough to see that before long. If you treat him coldly or insolently, or in any way that shall drive him away from you, I will never forgive it, never!"

It was the first time that Mr. Cameron had exerted his authority, and though Lute complained, she was impressed by it, and did not dare to rebel.

So it happened that Mr. Morton visited the Camerons as a friend, and had the family all in his favour respecting Lute.

"I do not mean to persecute you, Miss Cameron," he said, gently, the day after her father had spoken to her. "I wish to see you, let you get used to and acquainted with me, and find out if you may not be willing to trust your happiness with me. I make no protestations, and I shall not speak of love till you permit me. All I ask now is to be a friend."

She cast down her dark, angry eyes and said nothing.

He looked for a moment into her downcast face, an earnest, tender look, then bowed and walked away. For Mr. Max Farren was approaching them, and, of all things, he did not wish Max to know anything of his love-making. If Lute chose to tell him, why, let her, but in that case there was likely to be some love-talk between the two. Mr. Cameron had promised not to allow the subject to be spoken of out of the family.

"I hope the silly little thing will not make the mistake of telling him anything about it," Mr. Morton thought as he went away and left the two together. "It will provoke some jealous talk from him which will bind her and not commit him. He wants to keep two strings to his bow."

This second string was known only to Mr. Morton. She was a rich but almost deformed girl, living in an adjoining town. But that he knew her to have received overtures from Max Farren, Mr. Morton would never have spoken of love to Lute.

So matters went on for a few months longer, when suddenly Lute's engagement with Mr. Morton was announced, and in a surprisingly short space of time they were married.

Mr. Farren was absent from town when the engagement was made known, and returned only the day before the cards of invitation to the wedding were sent out. He heard the news at once, of course, and heard it with incredulity, followed by astonishment and anger. Had the pray escaped him, then? He had been for months hesitating between love and interest, and had half decided to give all for love, and, behold! it escaped him.

"I don't believe it is real, it is only a sham to bring me on," he muttered to himself. "Or if she has promised, I can make her break the promise."

He went up to see her that evening, and found that she and her mother were out of town, and would not be back till late in the evening, too late to receive visitors.

This message was given to him by Lute's little brother John, and the boy accompanied it with a smile that showed he understood the position of affairs, and triumphed in it.

Poor, silly Lute! She had heard of the round-shouldered heiress, and in the first burst of pain and anger had signified to her father that she was ready to marry anybody, she didn't care who.

"Only don't talk love to me," she said desperately to Mr. Morton when he came to see her.

The gentleman was perfectly quiet and self-possessed. He was kind and thoughtful of his fiancée, and though he urged on the wedding with great haste gave a good reason for doing so.

"Since it is to be done, it might as well be over," he said. "She will the sooner be reconciled."

But, in the privacy of his own room, Mr. Morton was not so calm. He almost shrank from his own success, and from the experiment he was making. He was taking a young girl who loved and was pined with another, relying on her finding out that other's unworthiness and loving him at last.

Mr. Morton, though Lute knew it not, was known as a fascinating man, whom many a lady had smiled on in vain, and he had felt confident of making her happy when this foolish fancy should be

over. But now that the sudden fruition of his hopes had come he was terrified. What if, on ceasing to love the other, she yet should not begin to love him? Marriage does not make love. You don't love a person simply because you are married to that person if there has been no dawn of love before. He had not expected such an acceptance. He had thought that after a time she would take him from a feeling of esteem and gratitude which would gradually grow to affection. Instead of that she had accepted him in a passion of jealousy and wounded pride.

She did not realize what she was about, nor think of him at all. She was bent only on retrieving her own dignity and proving to Max Farren that she did not care for him. She meant that the announcement of her engagement and marriage should precede his. But the matter was settled, and there was no going back. When he had asked her to pause and make sure that she was willing to marry him she had replied, haughtily:

"I do not mean to press myself upon you, sir. I accepted you because I thought you wished it. If you do not of course there is no more to be said."

What could he do? Nothing but urge the matter on.

"Max Farren will try to see and talk with her when he finds that it will no longer compromise him," the gentleman said to Mr. Cameron. "I wish that he would not do so. I think that he has a sort of affection for her, though he loves money better; and his feelings will be excited so that he may make her believe that he really loves her. Let him be kept away from her. I will do my part, but please let it be seen to in the house."

If Lute had known that she was so guarded, it might have been all over with her newly formed engagement; but it was carefully kept from her. She had a fine little scene laid out which she was very desirous of enacting. She, better than any one else, knew what covert love-making all Max Farren's talk to her had been, and how he had played with her heart during the past year; and she was sure, or thought she was sure, that with the first news of her engagement he would rush to her with reproaches and entreaties.

Then, how lofty and surprised she would be! With what dignity she would remind him that she was engaged, and not at liberty to listen to such conversation from him. How she would declare her belief that he did not love her, and express her astonishment that this was the first she had heard of it.

She wanted to hear him say that he loved her. She longed to see him on his knees to her, to see his handsome face lifted in appeal to her, to hear his entreaties and prayers. That they would have any other effect on her than just to soothe her wounded pride she professed not to believe. That she would have faith in his contrition, pardon his dilatoriness, and, yielding to her own love, be ready to fly with him at all risks, she did not think. But her father and her promised husband were wiser and kept the temptation out of her way.

So the days of her engagement passed, and there was no word of appeal from her recreant lover. That he sought by every means to see her, and had sent her two notes, she did not know, and well was it for her family that she did not.

Lute could be a lioness if roused, and she would have borne no tampering with her affairs, no matter what the motive. She looked feverishly for word from him, but none reached her. She even went to places where she thought to see him, but he was not visible, thanks to Mr. Cameron and her promised husband. Those two gentlemen had hard work for a few weeks, and disagreeable work too.

Once the rivals came into collision. A little grove of trees ran back of Mr. Cameron's down to the river, and there Lute went one afternoon about a week before her marriage to take one more stroll in the place where so often she had walked with Max Farren. She had followed a garden path; the other approach was by a path along the river. Whether he guessed or knew that she was there, Max Farren came hurrying along this second path, when suddenly he was confronted by Mr. Morton.

"You will please not go any farther," the gentleman said, standing in the middle of the path.

He spoke quietly, and as he stood leaned on a stout cane, which he grasped rather ominously. His eyes had a gleam, too, which was not pleasant to the other. In fact, Mr. Morton was getting out of patience with his office of policeman, and would not have borne much provocation.

"What do you mean, sir?" demanded the young man, with a fair show of indignant surprise.

"I mean what I say, and I understand your intentions perfectly well, but I do not intend to be annoyed any longer. You are on private property. Retire, if you please."

There was a slight attempt at resistance, but Mr. Farren was not a brave man when it was a question of personal violence, and in the end he retired discomfited.

The next week Lute was married. Poor child! she was foolish and wrong; but it was hard for her.

She had bound herself in a moment of madness, and would not retract if she could. The declaration of love which she had wished to provoke she had not heard, and now she stood up to give herself for life to one whom she did not love, and who, it would seem, did not love her; for her bridegroom was polite and no more. If she was pale, like some fair creature being led to the sacrifice, he was no less so. Perhaps of the two he suffered more than she.

The wedding was over, and they were off on their journey. It lasted a month, then they came back and took possession of Mr. Morton's beautiful house, which had been entirely fitted up during their absence.

By this time a change had come over Lute's manner. There was no longer the capricious tyranny of a pretty girl, sure of her power and disdainful of her slave. She was careful and anxious in her ways, and seemed to fear her husband. Yet he was kindness itself. He anticipated her wishes, and treated her gently. But they lived together as brother and sister, and never a word of love or a caress showed that this man whom she scorned even in marrying cared more for her than for any other lady he met in society. He treated her with a perfect courtesy and dignity which compelled her to be courteous and dignified in return; he breathed no suspicion nor reproach; he uttered no entreaty. Somehow, Lute felt that she was to be no longer the wooed but the wooer.

Moreover, a new lady acquaintance had enlightened her as to Mr. Morton's past. From the lady she learned what strict ideas her husband had in all matters relating to propriety in woman, with what contempt he looked upon all trifling and flirting; and she learned also that the one she had accepted only in a moment of desperation had been sought by ladies in every way her superiors in rank, fashion, and accomplishments.

She began to be ashamed and alarmed. How childish and rude he must think her; how ignorant she must have seemed to him, when she could not recognize his claim on her respect. She did not love him, but she admired him, and shrank from the thought of incurring his contempt.

They went into society, and there at length she met again Max Farren. She trembled when first she saw him, some touch of the olden fascination made her turn weak and sick. But her hand was on her husband's arm, his calm, strong eyes were upon her, and she would not falter—she dared not.

Max did not come near her while she was with her husband, but when he saw her alone he approached. Shaking with terror as he stood beside her, gazing down with fiery, reproachful eyes, she looked about in search of her husband. She wanted him to come and protect her from this man and from herself. But he was nowhere in sight.

"I don't know that you will allow me to speak to you," Max began, in a low, passionate voice. "The time has been when I was allowed to, but that seems past. What is the meaning of it, Lute?"

"I have not forbidden your speaking to me, Mr. Farren," she said, faintly.

"Was it, then, without your knowledge that my notes were returned to me before you were married, and that my movements were watched to keep me from you?"

"I knew nothing of it," she said, raising her startled eyes. "But it is too late to speak of this now. I entreat you to say no more."

"Only one word!" he pleaded. "Say that if it were not too late, you would marry me. Give me at least that consolation. Say that you were taken away from me against your will, and that you love me, you love me still!"

"Oh, where is my husband?" exclaimed Lute, in terror; and as if in answer to her wish he appeared in a doorway near.

She held out both her hands to him, and he came quickly to her. Farren retreated as he approached.

"What is it, my dear?" her husband asked, more tenderly than he had spoken since their marriage.

"Nothing!" she faltered, blushing. "Only I want you to stay by me."

He did not take it for an expression of love, but for what it was, an avowal of fear.

"My place is always beside you when you want me," he said, gently. "But, do you not think, dear, that there are times when a woman's own dignity should be her shield? Are there not times when a woman is loftier if a man fears to approach her with insult, even when she is alone?"

Should not her own soul be armed against him, so that his base words should falter on his tongue?"

"Yes, yes! but I am such a child!" she replied.

"Have patience with me."

Mr. Morton's cheek flushed, and his eyes brightened. Never had she addressed to him words and tones of such tender appeal.

They sat there, and others joined them, watching the dancers whirl past. Max Farren passed with a gay young girl on his arm. Her curls floated over his shoulder, and she smiled as she listened to his whispered words.

The young man seemed to be making a parade of his devotion to this girl for Mrs. Morton's benefit. As she looked she thrilled with a feeling of disgust. In her husband's society, in his delicate respect, she had unconsciously learned to recoil from familiarities which she had formerly thought nothing of. The position in which the two stood should be assumed by lovers alone.

"I don't like to see men dance. It looks trivial," she exclaimed, involuntarily.

With this admission her fancied love for Max Farren died out like a vain spark.

But not yet would her husband trust himself to speak of love to her. She had shown the noble nature under her trivial childishness, as he had expected. So far he was not disappointed. She had also shown confidence and esteem for him; but she had not shown affection, and still he waited.

It seemed that he was to wait in vain. A month passed, and another, still no sign of tenderness, no gladness at his coming, no loving word at parting. She became timid and sad instead, and shrank from him with a strange embarrassment.

Then, indeed, his heart grew sick. He had failed, he said. He had taken this girl only to destroy her happiness and his own.

One evening he came home and found her alone, hastily wiping away tears from her eyes as she heard his step. He hesitated for a moment, looked at her, then went and sat beside her.

"Lute!" he said. "I have ruined your happiness, but I did not mean to. Can you ever forgive me?"

Her tears burst forth afresh.

"I don't see what you ever married me for!" she exclaimed, passionately. "It was cruel. I could have had some one to love me if it was only those at home. You have taken me away from everybody else, and you hate me."

"Hate you, child!" he said, taking her hand. "I love you!"

She snatched the hand away, and said:

"You don't act as though you did. You never say a word. You never like to be with me."

"That is because you do not love me," her husband answered, gently. "I am not like Max Farren, Lute. I cannot talk with the facility of one who courts and kisses every girl he knows."

"He never kissed me!" Lute exclaimed.

"Did he not?" her husband asked, with joyful eagerness.

He could not resist asking the question, but he would have forgiven her if it had been so; now his heart beat with delight at her denial.

Lute raised her face at the question, and looked at him with indignant surprise.

"Do you think that I would let a man kiss me if I were not engaged to him?" she asked, haughtily.

"Lute," he asked, "would you let a man kiss you if he were married to you?"

Her face drooped and blushed.

"He ought not to if he does not love me," she faltered.

"But if he does? I do."

She said nothing.

"Perhaps he ought not if you do not love him," he continued. "I will not intrude or offend you, dear. But I will make this the sign. When the time comes, if ever it do, that you love me, come and offer me a kiss. Be sure it will make me happy. You know I have loved you from the first. I married you, perhaps unwisely, to save you from that man, believing that one day you would be all mine. I shall know that you are by this sign. Till it comes I must wait. I will not force your love, dear as it would be to me."

He spoke in a low, earnest voice, waited one moment, then left her side, and went to stand in the chimney-corner, leaning on the mantel-piece, and looking gravely down into the fire.

Lute paused, looked at him, clasped her hands in an instant of trembling, delightful fear, then got up and went to his side. He turned his face and looked at her in startled questioning. She half offered her mouth for him to kiss, then dropped her face on his breast.

"Are you sure you love me?" he asked, in rapture, a little while after.

"I knew I did from that moment when he spoke to me and I saw you standing in the doorway," she said. "You were so strong and protecting, and so honourable and so good."

W. C.

HOW TO SEE UNDER WATER.—The Indians of North America do this by cutting a hole through the ice and covering or hanging a blanket in such a manner as to darken or exclude the direct rays of the sun, when they are enabled to see into the water and discover fish at any reasonable depth. Let any one who is anxious to prove this place himself under the blanket, and he will be astonished when he beholds with what a brilliancy everything in the fluid world is lighted up. I once had occasion to examine the bottom of a mill pond, for which I constructed a

float out of an inch plank; sufficient to buoy me up; through the centre of this float I cut a hole and placed a blanket over it, when I was enabled to clearly discover objects on the bottom, and several lost tools were discovered and picked up. I am satisfied that, where water is sufficiently clear, this latter plan could be successfully used for searching for lost bodies and articles. I would now suggest that this experiment be tried on the sea; for I am satisfied that, with a craft like the *Great Eastern*, where an observatory could be placed at the bottom, with sufficient darkness, by the aid of glasses we could gaze down into the depths of the sea, the same as we can survey the starry heavens at midnight.

WONDERFUL SHOTS.

COLONEL HAWKER in his book gives many instances of wonderful "bags;" and a multitude of others have presented themselves since his book was written.

On one occasion eight hooper swans, averaging 19 lbs. each, were knocked down at one shot. On another, thirty-five wild geese were killed by one discharge of a single-barrelled punt gun. But instances in point are more fairly those connected with shooting game than shooting wild-fowl.

Lieutenant Kirkes once brought down six snipes with one shot out of a wisp of seven; and his son, Captain Kirkes, killed a grouse and two hares at once—the hares sitting on a rising ground, and the grouse flying towards it. A gamekeeper named Alexander Strachan, in the service of the Earl of Kintore, on one occasion shot six snipes on the wing at one time. In 1856, on the Scottish moors, a sportsman stalked up to four black-cocks, caught them in a line as they rose, and killed them all; three fell at once, and the fourth a hundred yards distant from them.

Mr. Muirhead once fired at two partridges as they rose together from some long wheat stubble, brought them down at one shot just as they got on the wing, and mortally wounded three others which had not risen. A wild shot at a covey, as they turned over a low part of a hedge, was rewarded by bringing down nine birds at once.

Dr. Sandwith, who bore so honourable a part in the defence of Kars by Colonel Sir Fenwick Williams, during the Crimean war, was shooting on a branch of the Euphrates near Erzeroum, and bagged four spoonbills at one shot.

A man named Croft, in the year 1856, while shooting on the river Wye, killed eighteen gray-plovers at one shot, and on another occasion sixteen ducks; but this was achieved by means of a large swivel gun, fixed in a boat, and loaded with a quarter of a pound of powder and a pound of shot—rather hard lines for the birds. This of course belonged to the wild-fowl series. So did one recorded by Colonel Hawker, in which 20 widgeons, ducks, pintails, and plovers were brought down at once with a common shoulder gun that carried only five ounces of shot. He speaks also of 43 knots and godwits being killed at one discharge by three ounces of number four shot.

A keeper on a Norfolk estate, early in the century, killed seven bustards at one shot; but his manner of doing it would hardly have been regarded by the bustards as fair play. He looked out for their tracks on the snow and put cabbages there to attract them; he planted a battery of three large duck guns at a distance of 150 yards, all pointing to that spot; and he arranged three strings from the three triggers to a pit or hole a short distance behind. Taking his seat in the hiding-place at daybreak, he watched his opportunity, and brought down seven bustards with a simultaneous discharge of the three guns.

THE FRENCH WAR INDEMNITY.—It is now pretty clear that the burden of the war-debt will fall more heavily upon France than had hitherto been calculated upon. The French Budget Committee reported that the future yearly interest to be paid on the public debt would be 723,000,000*fr.*; but M. Michel Chevalier now demonstrates, by it is to be feared too accurate a computation, that it will exceed a thousand millions—or over 40,000,000*fr.* a year, as compared with less than 15,000,000*fr.* when the war commenced. The difference in the estimates arises, not from erroneous calculation, but from items to be added to the amounts which were before the Budget Committee; for example, 34,700,000*fr.* interest on the half-milliard voted by the National Assembly as compensation to those provinces which suffered from the German occupation; and a similar amount for the cost of replacing the *matériel de guerre* lost in the war, and for necessary fortifications; also the 208 millions interest on the three milliards still to be borrowed for payment to Germany, with the amount due to the Bank of France, and payable upon pensions.

PORTRAITS IN THE MUSEUM.—Writing with respect to the British Museum, Mr. George Ellis remarks that in that building there is one of the

most interesting collections of portraits in all England, but they are placed as far beyond the reach of human vision as the originals were removed from earthly care. He suggests their removal to some other and better place.

LIFE'S SHADOWS.

CHAPTER XXV.

MOVING onward with the crowd of people who were hastening in the direction of the gaily lit shops, Tessa Holm and Reuben Dennis walked briskly along the New Kent Road, approaching the famous "Elephant and Castle" inn, the halting-place of a number of omnibuses from all parts of London.

Opposite the "Elephant and Castle," at the corner of the New Kent Road and Newington Causeway, with a broad front presented to each, stands the finest drapery and outfitting establishment of that dingy region—a shop which seems to have belonged to the West End originally and to have been picked up by some powerful genii and transported to its present position.

The pale City clerk, with the high-bred, beautiful girl in her simple but stylish gray garments, paused before one of the windows, round which was a crowd, and looked also upon the gay display.

"Let us go into the shop, Uncle Reuben," said the girl, leaning upon his arm.

Dennis assented, although with reluctance.

Tessa's Christmas purchases for Agnes Stacy were soon under full consideration. The girl's bright face, so spirited and piquant, and lit with the glow of her warm, true heart, was a study as she gravely contemplated the rival merits of blue-gray and dove-gray for the wedding gown of Dennis's intended bride.

The dove-gray silk, soft and pure and serviceable, won the day, and was bought and paid for, with some real black lace to trim it.

The precious parcel was given to Dennis to carry. Then Tessa led him a tour of the various counters, buying a roll of long-cloth at one, a roll of linen at another, a dress of sea-green merino, another of black silk of a thick, fine texture, another of warm brown woollen cloth, and a Paisley shawl, such as had been the secret ambition of hard-working Agnes Stacy for many years. A few other presents were added to these, then, the shop being crowded, and the services of a shop-porter unobtainable, Dennis went out and found a baker's boy with an empty hand-cart.

Boy and cart were chartered for the occasion for a shilling. Tessa's purchases were placed in the small vehicle, and the little party set out together towards the Old Kent Road.

Agnes Stacy retained but one room of her old lodgings.

On being admitted into the house Tessa ascended the stairs alone, leaving Dennis to follow with his parcels, and she knocked softly at the front room on the third floor.

Agnes Stacy's low voice bade her enter. She opened the door and went in. Agnes sat alone by a meagre fire, a small work-table upholding a lamp at her right hand. She was sewing steadily, her face pale and weary and worn.

All over England upon that night the gay, holiday look and feeling prevailed, but neither had penetrated to the lonely spinster's room. Evidently Agnes Stacy expected no "Merry Christmas," and looked for no change in her bleak, dull, waiting life.

She did not recognise her high-bred, aristocratic, graceful young visitor, and dropped her work and arose, bowing courteously, and offering a chair, thinking Tessa a possible customer.

But the girl came straight towards her with both hands outstretched, and her big gray eyes glowing with joy and affection.

"Agnes! Aunt Agnes!" said the sweet young voice, in loving reproach. "Surely you have not utterly forgotten little Tessa?"

"Tessa? Reuben's little Tessa? It is not possible!" cried the seamstress, catching the girl's hands in hers and making a movement to embrace her. "How you have changed!"

She was a little awed at Tessa's beauty and noble air, and shrank back in apparent astonishment at her own audacity, but loyal-hearted little Tessa embraced her tenderly and showed such delight at seeing her that Miss Stacy's heart warmed towards her with a rare and joyous glow.

"You have come to me like the sunshine, Tessa," she exclaimed. "It seems like a June day with you here so bright and beautiful."

"If I can bring sunshine to you at Christmas," said Tessa, smiling, "you should be willing to do me a favour, Aunt Agnes. It is to accept a little Christmas gift from me which Uncle Reuben is bringing up the stairs—"

Before the young girl could say more a knock sounded on the door, and Miss Stacy, surprised and bewildered, gave admittance to her gray-haired

lover, who came staggering in under a load of parcels and bundles of varying sizes.

"This a 'little Christmas gift!'" ejaculated Miss Stacy. "This from you, Tessa?"

"From me, aunty," answered Tessa, brightly. "Sit down in your chair there. I want to be mistress of the ceremonies, Miss Stacy, if you please. I want to make you very good-humoured indeed, so that you will grant a request I'm going to make of you."

She turned up the lamplight to a mellow radiance. Dennis, pleased and expectant, deposited his parcels in the centre of the floor. Miss Stacy sat down also and folded her hands on her lap, full of wonder and expectancy. Tessa took the parcel containing the wedding gown, opened it, and flung the silk in gray, shimmering folds over the lap of the seamstress.

"What does this mean?" demanded Miss Stacy, in agitation. "It is not from Reuben?"

"No, indeed, Aunt Agnes," answered Tessa, gaily. "I earned it my own self. You remember I had a talent for painting. I have painted several pictures—I am as industrious as a bee, aunty—and have earned a hundred pounds. Only think of it! A hundred pounds! And half this I want to give you for your wedding outfit. You must not refuse me, for dear Uncle Reuben's sake. This is your wedding gown, you dear old aunty; these other parcels are for your outfit. And here is the rest of the money."

Eager and almost breathless, Tessa emptied into Miss Stacy's lap gold and silver, amounting in all to some twenty pounds.

The seamstress sat stupefied. Tessa unfolded the Paisley shawl and flung its soft folds about the angular shoulders of Miss Stacy.

The spinster looked from one to the other of her visitors with a dazed expression. The whole scene seemed to her like one of those bright day-dreams with which, in her younger days, she had been wont to beguile her hours of weary toil.

"I don't know which is the more wonderful," she said, in a tremulous voice, "that you should have earned a hundred pounds, little Tessa, or that you should have spent fifty upon me. I cannot accept your generous gift, my dear child—"

"But you'll have to!" interposed Tessa. "They won't take the things back. Besides, Aunt Agnes," and the girl sank gracefully down upon a little wooden stool at the foot of the seamstress, "you would not like to refuse me a favour just as I am going to leave you both. I have obtained a situation as governess down in Dorset at a salary of eighty pounds a year. I am to go in a fortnight or three weeks; but before I go I want to attend your wedding. I can't leave Uncle Reuben alone, you know. And there's the dearest little villa to let at Kentish Town, and uncle is going there to-morrow to take it. And here is your outfit; so you have no possible excuse for delaying the marriage. Uncle Reuben has waited for fourteen years. Surely that has been enough to prove his faithfulness. Shall the banns be asked in church next Sunday?"

"Say yes, Agnes," said Miss Stacy's elderly lover, with an earnestness that touched the spinster's heart. "Little Tessa is right. Why should we wait another year? A twelvemonth is a great deal to us at our time of life. I cannot bear to leave you here alone. Let little Tessa attend our marriage before she goes out into the world."

The pleadings of her lover and of bright, wilful Tessa combined completely subjugated Miss Stacy's stubborn heart. She yielded to their joint attack, sobbing aloud in her joy and gratitude to the lovely girl and embracing her with a motherly tenderness.

"There are other things to get," said Tessa; "collars, ribbons, and gloves; but those can be bought cheaper after the holidays. I have an outfit to prepare for myself, for my governess life, Aunt Agnes, and the next three weeks will be busy ones to us both."

The event proved her words.

The next day being Christmas, all business was deferred, and Miss Stacy spent the day at Tessa's lodgings, and remained to dinner. In the evening the three strolled to look at the crowd and the shops, and indulged in the extravagance of an omnibus ride to the other side of the river and to the West End. A walk along Regent Street completed the dissipation of the evening.

Upon the day after Christmas Tessa transacted her modest shopping, and upon that day also Reuben Dennis went to Kentish Town and made arrangements for his occupancy of Laburnum Villa, returning home with an air of proprietorship that was vastly amusing.

"It is the next thing to owning a farm," he said, enthusiastically, that evening as he sat near his betrothed and her young *protégée*, in the lodgings of the former, where both Miss Stacy and Tessa were busy at work with their needles. "We will have rose-trees and flowers, and a patch of garden in the rear. Please Heaven, some day I'll have a farm, Agnes,

then there won't be a happier couple in all England than you and I."

"I intend to buy you that farm, Uncle Reuben," said Tessa, gravely. "I have calculated just how many years it will take me to earn it."

Miss Stacy smiled.

"We will take the will for the deed, Tessa," she said. "I mean literally the will for the deed. You haven't a particle of vanity, so I may as well tell you what you seem to be ignorant of, but what you will be told often enough hereafter—that you are very beautiful. A girl with your face, your grace, your refinement and accomplishments, will be sure to be surrounded with admirers, even if she is poor. I predict you will be married within a year!"

"Aunt Agnes—"

"It seems impossible now, I daresay, my dear, but I shall turn out a true prophet. If you should marry well, little Tessa, Reuben and I would be better pleased than to have all England for a farm."

"Indeed we would," said the thin, pale clerk, with hearty warmth. "I should like to see you married, little Tessa. I should not like you to live the lonely life Agnes and I have known. Of course you have lived a sort of nun's life at Clapham, but perhaps in Dorset you may meet with some handsome country squire who will be proud to make you mistress of his fine house."

Tessa's pure cheeks flushed a little, but the calm light in her soft gray eyes did not change. Evidently she had never known a love dream, and was as innocent of love fancies as any little child.

"I shall never marry," she said, quietly, yet with a grave shadow upon her broad white brows. "I have made up my mind to a single life. I shall be a governess for some years, if I live, and lay up my money; and one of these days, years from now, when I shall have grown prim and staid, and have forgotten my habit of smiling when I am pleased and laughing when I am happy, I shall go down to Brighton, or some other sea-side place, take a house, and open a young ladies' school."

"You think so now, my gay little Tessa," said Miss Stacy, with a loving glance at the little drooping golden head. "But you'll change your mind in time, as it's right you should. A disposition so sunshiny as yours ought to make some special home bright and joyous."

"I would not marry any but an educated man," said Tessa, thoughtfully. "No matter how poor he might be, or how lowly born, if he were only honest, true-hearted, intelligent, and a gentleman. I mean a gentleman in the good old sense, Aunt Agnes, a gentle-man. And such a man would not be likely to want me."

"Why not?" demanded both Dennis and Miss Stacy, in a breath.

"Because—because," and the pure, proud face became suddenly stained with a vivid scarlet flush, and the deep gray eyes darkened to blackness with sudden feeling, "gentlemen think a great deal of birth and family. And I don't even know who I am! Uncle Reuben rescued me from a life of sorrow, neglect, and utter ignorance. I only know that Mrs. Kiggs—Granny Kiggs I used to call her—was no relative of mine. But that I can claim any better parentage I doubt."

Dennis and Miss Stacy exchanged glances of sympathy. They had often talked together of the mystery surrounding Tessa's young life, but had failed to come to any definite conclusion concerning her parentage. That there was disgrace associated with it they had long since decided in their own minds, but neither could tell their convictions to the girl herself.

"I would never become the wife of any man while ignorant of my own history," continued Tessa, in a low voice, as if speaking to herself. "I could not tell what sort of people might some day claim relationship with me. I could not tell but that at any time some terrible shadow of disgrace might fall upon me and the man I had married. I might be the offspring of thieves—of—of—" Her voice choked. Presently she resumed, tremulously: "Yet I can remember, like a dream of long ago, a beautiful face bending over me—the face, as it seems to me now, of a lovely young girl, with eyes like night, and voice as sweet and tender as the cooing of a bird. It seems to me as though that young girl were my mother. But it must have been a dream, and only a dream," and Tessa sighed. "No shadow of disgrace could ever have darkened that face. But, dream though it may have been, I love to think of that young girl, and to call her—only in my wild fancies, you know—by the name of mother!"

Dennis's eyes filled with tears. The girl's pathos stirred his inmost soul. Miss Stacy's eyes also moistened, and she would have spoken but that she could not control her voice.

"Perhaps that young girl was your mother," suggested the clerk.

Tessa shook her head sorrowfully, and there was a dreary expression on her piquant face that looked strangely out of place.

"Ah, no, Uncle Reuben," she said, sighing. "It was only a dream, but it is a dream that will haunt me till I die. I must have seen such a young girl once, I think, for from my earliest childhood I thought of that face with tears every night before I slept. Many a night, at Granny Kiggs's, I cried myself to sleep with a longing to behold that beautiful face glowing with love and tenderness. I wonder if I shall ever see that face again?"

"Would you know it, do you think, little Tessa?" asked Dennis, gently.

"I do not know. The years may have changed it, or the lovely face may have been but a fancy, which my mind has dwelt upon so long and so often as to cause it to seem real. But with the doubt and the mystery that attend my birth hanging over me like a cloud I shall never—to return to the subject of marriage—become the wife of any man!"

She changed the subject abruptly as she concluded by asking some question about her work, and the discussion was not resumed.

The two or three weeks that followed were busy ones to both Tessa and Miss Stacy. The girl's modest wardrobe was made ready by her own skilful fingers, and the seamstress made swift progress with her own quiet trousseau. By the thirteenth of January the bride and the young governess were alike ready for their very different routes in life. Upon the fifteenth Tessa was to proceed to her situation in Dorset, and therefore upon the fourteenth the marriage of Reuben Dennis and Agnes Stacy took place.

It was a very quiet marriage, as became their rank in life and their humble prospects, but two happier persons probably never stood before the altar and plighted their vows. Dennis wore a black frock coat, white waistcoat, and gray gloves. The bride looked her best, as brides should, and seemed quite young and fresh in her trailing gray silk, with a tall veil thrown lightly over her gray silk bonnet. Tessa was bridesmaid, and wore gray silk also, brightened by a blue ribbon wash—a dress which was expected to serve as her best in Dorset.

Dennis had obtained leave of absence from his duties for the day. There was no bridal tour, although the clerk longed in his heart to take a trip to the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, a favourite resort of many London bridal pairs on their wedding-day. But the strong good sense of Agnes prevailed, and the bridal party set out in cabs for Laburnum Villa, at Kentish Town, whither the luggage of the trio had preceded them.

The drive was so long that it quite served in place of the orthodox "tour." The little villa was thoroughly furnished and ready for occupancy—thanks to Tessa's activity for the preceding three days, which she had spent for the most part at Kentish Town, actively superintending the work of a vigorous charwoman and a small maid-of-all-work. The garden gate was open and the small trim maid stood by it as the cabs rolled up and the passengers alighted.

Dennis led his bride up the bare gravel walk enclosed with box with the air of a conqueror, and Tessa walked after them, followed in turn by the other wedding guests—Agnes's two brothers, Mrs. Porter and her daughter, the late fellow-lodgers of the late Miss Stacy, and one or two others.

The little box of a house was bright with fresh paint and much scouring. Fires were lighted in the parlours and basement dining-room, with an extravagance bordering on recklessness. Tessa had furnished the house after her own design, at Dennis's request, and though the furniture was simple and plain it had been selected and arranged with the taste of an artist, and gave an air of actual elegance to the small, snug rooms.

Mrs. Dennis and her guests laid aside their out-of-door wrappings and gathered about the fires. When they were well warmed they made a tour of the little house, expressing delight at the artistic arrangement of the rooms. When justice had been done to Tessa's exquisite taste the bridal party adjourned in a body, headed by bride and groom, to the cozy front, basement, dining-room, where a breakfast feast had been spread that was more than worthy of the occasion, and had been furnished at a certain sum "per head" by an enterprising baker of the neighbourhood.

The afternoon was growing late when the wedding guests, all except Tessa, departed to their homes. Agnes changed her gray silk dress for her green merino, carefully extinguished the dining-room and back parlour fires with housewifely thrift, and lighted the gas in the front parlour. Here the three gathered to spend the evening.

A chamber on the second floor, furnished with a pretty ingrain carpet of blue flowers on a buff ground, a set of furniture painted buff, and white frilled curtains, had been assigned to Tessa as her own. She slept there that night. She awakened early on the following morning and descended to a breakfast by gas-light, as Dennis was required to be at the warehouse at an early hour.

After breakfast the trio went up to the little

back parlour, which was to serve as Agnes's sitting-room. Tessa's single trunk stood in the hall, and the girl wore her travelling-suit, ready for departure.

"Tessa," said Dennis, in a voice full of emotion, as he took her hand, "you have been a blessing to me from the hour I met you. My blessing go with you to your new home. And remember, Tessa, that our house is always open to you, and that Agnes and I will always welcome you back to us. We love you, dear, and wish that we could keep you always with us. My mind somehow misgives me at the last about your going out thus into the world. Promise me, Tessa, if you should find your new home disagreeable, that you will come back to us without delay."

"I promise, Uncle Reuben," said Tessa.

"I wish I could go to the station with you, Tessa, but business is business, you know. Agnes will go in my place. I do not like to send you on your journey alone, but no one will harm you. Beware of strangers, dear. Remember that a kind manner sometimes covers a bad intention. Don't forget to come back if all is not right down in Dorset. Now, my dear child, good-bye!"

He gathered her near to him, and kissed her forehead tenderly and reverently. Then he kissed his wife and went out, going to the City by omnibus.

Agnes reiterated her husband's injunctions to Tessa to return to Laburnum Villa in case her situation should not be found agreeable. The good woman loved Tessa as one loves something brighter and fairer, something above one's self—with a sort of awe mingling with her affection. She was very loth to send her forth to earn her own support, and began to experience a misgiving whether all had been done for the best.

At nine o'clock, a cab, for which the small trim maid had been sent, appeared at the garden gate; Tessa's luggage was placed upon it, and Tessa herself entered the cab in the wake of kindly Mrs. Dennis. They were driven to the railway-station. Mrs. Dennis purchased Tessa's ticket, and saw the young girl comfortably settled in a first-class carriage, with her travelling-bag and rug around her. Then she turned away, moving along the crowded platform, thinking, uneasily:

"I am sorry we let her go. I feel a terrible misgiving. It seems to me that she is going straight into some awful peril. Can it be a warning to me? I am half determined to recall the child and take her home with me."

She tried to make her way back to the train in which Tessa was seated, but had not taken half a dozen steps when the shrill whistle of the locomotive pierced her ears, and the train moved out of the station.

Mrs. Dennis was too late. Whatever fate lay before young Tessa Holm, the girl had gone to meet it!

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE Christmas Day which was so full of quiet enjoyment for Tessa Holm and her humble friends at Tessa's lodgings was an eventful day in the history of the beautiful Marchioness of Thornhurst.

As the reader knows, her ladyship left London upon the morning of the day before Christmas. Colonel Redruth's advertisement for the lost Georgia Holm, our gay, bright little Tessa, had appeared in the *Times* of the previous day, and no answer had been received to it.

The colonel lingered in London to repeat the advertisement and to extend his researches, while the marchioness, constrained by a sense of duty and hospitality, journeyed back to Yorkshire to enact her part as hostess to an invited Christmas dinner party.

Her heart was heavy, as we have said, upon this return journey. The attempted treachery and imposition of Holm had been a great shock to her. She experienced a foreboding that Lord Thornhurst had seen Colonel Redruth's advertisement for the stolen child in the *Times* newspaper, and that he would connect that advertisement with her journey to London, and accuse her of deceit and undue reticence. She feared also, with a keener, sharper pang, that all her father's efforts to find the missing Georgia would utterly fail of success.

We may, as well state here, having omitted to do so elsewhere, that the advertisements of both Captain Holm and Colonel Redruth had utterly escaped the eyes of any person interested in Tessa, or cognizant of her history. After her father's death, Agnes Stacy had given up all daily journals as a needless piece of extravagance.

Reuben Dennis, anxious to lay up money in every way towards his expected marriage, and willing to economize in his personal expenses to the last farthing, that he might have the more to spend upon Tessa, and upon Agnes thereafter, had also given up his daily *Standard*, obtaining a knowledge of the current news of the day from the posters at the news shops in the streets.

We may also explain that, had Dennis or Agnes seen the colonel's notice, they would not have recognized in "Georgia" Holm their lovely little Tessa.

Lady Thornhurst arrived at Cottingham about the middle of the short December afternoon. As she stepped out upon the platform of the station she was met by Lord Thornhurst, whose noble Saxon face towered high above the surrounding group of waiting passengers. He gave her his arm, his blue eyes glowing with delight, and his fair face flushing like the face of a lover. Leaning upon him, the marchioness was conducted to their waiting carriage. The marquise handed her in, followed after her, the powdered footman closed the door, the horses started, and they were on their way over the pleasant, wind-swept Yorkshire roads towards Thornhurst.

The wife sank wearily back on the soft cushions, and Lord Thornhurst took her hands in his, his face expressing anxious concern.

"You look utterly exhausted, Ignatia," he said. "I fear you are going to be ill!"

"Oh, no," answered Lady Thornhurst, trying to smile. "I am only tired, Antony. I shall be well enough after a night's rest."

"I'm afraid you exerted yourself too much upon this shopping expedition," said the marquise, tenderly. "I do not like to see you look so pale. The weather has been bad since you went, and if it were bad here what must it have been in London? You will not be well enough to preside at dinner to-morrow. I think I had better countermand the invitations."

"By no means, Antony. I am not ill, only tired. I insist upon entertaining your guests. My duties will not be tiresome, as it is only a gentlemen's dinner party, you know. I suppose the housekeeper has done as well in my absence as if I had been here—I mean in her preparations for to-morrow?"

"Oh, yes. She used to superintend my bachelor parties in old times. She has done her best in your absence, hoping to surprise and please you. The Christmas decorations are finished, and the crystallized fruits and Christmas cake you sent from town arrived safely yesterday. The pines and oranges from our own hot-houses are fully ripe, and in profusion. The boys are wild with joyful excitement, and I could hardly persuade them to remain at home when I came to meet you. I believe that we shall have a 'Merry Christmas,' added the marquise, softly.

Lady Thornhurst sighed. There was no mirth in her heart—only a deep and terrible dread of her husband's anger when he should hear the confession she had resolved to make to him.

"But I won't tell him to-night," she thought, looking with shrinking, sorrowful eyes from the carriage window upon the bleak winter landscape. "He is so full of joyous anticipations, I cannot tell him to-night. To-morrow? no, not to-morrow; to-morrow will be Christmas Day, and he will need to be in good spirits to preside at his dinner party; but the day after to-morrow I will tell him all the truth, and hold nothing back. Then, if he should cast me from him, I will creep away and die."

Lord Thornhurst pressed her hand tenderly. He attributed her strange and shrinking silence to bodily weariness, and with his unoccupied hand he drew her nearer to him, so that her head lay upon his shoulder.

"Christmas would not have been Christmas had you remained in town, my own wife," he said, in his rich, caressing voice, his tones thrilling the wounded, dreading heart throbbing heavily against his hand. "But as you are so pale and weak why did your father allow you to come on alone? I expected Colonel Redruth would dine with us. Without him we shall have but nine invited guests."

"Father had business in town, and I am quite able to travel alone. I have not even needed a maid, although you almost insisted that I should take Martha to town with me."

"Cannot Colonel Redruth allow business to wait upon pleasure in the holiday season?" inquired Lord Thornhurst. "Business at Christmas time? That seems too much like transacting business on Sunday. By-the-by, Ignatia, I saw an odd notice in the *Times*—second column—yesterday. It was merely a striking coincidence of names. I must show it to you. What was the name of your girl baby who died in her infancy?"

Lady Thornhurst's heart gave a great leap against his lordship's hand. She withdrew from his embrace, as if stifled by it, and gasped for air.

"Good heavens! you are really ill," cried the marquise, in alarm.

She did not answer, but pressed her forehead against the cold window-glass.

"It is nothing," she said, presently, in a half-choked voice—"a sudden spasm—that was all."

The marquise was silent. She looked at him. He was regarding her gloomily, with glances of distrustfulness that bordered on suspicion.

"It was what I said to you, Ignatia," he resumed,

in an altered voice, "that made you start. I felt your heart give a frightened bound. There is something more than a coincidence of names in that notice. Did you put it into the *Times*?"

Lady Thornhurst shook her head.

"Colonel Redruth did?"

"Yes—he did," was the slow, painfully spoken answer.

Lord Thornhurst's face changed its hue. The gloomy look deepened in his bold blue eyes.

"Who was this lost child—this Georgia Holm—for whom the colonel advertised?" he asked. "Was she your daughter?"

The marchioness assented by a movement of her head.

"But you told me she was dead!"

"I thought she was," was the answer. "I was led to believe that she died."

"Why has there been any mystery about her?" demanded the marquise, his face and voice growing stern.

"Why have you never told me that she was stolen from you? How have you discovered that she lives? Who stole her? And for what object?"

"It is a long story, Antony, and I am tired," said Lady Thornhurst, wearily. "I have told you because the story has been very painful to me, and I supposed my child to be dead. Do not question me now. I will tell you all when I shall have rested."

The marquise was dissatisfied, and his face showed it; but he would not press his inquiries while his wife was so fatigued.

"Very well," he said, after a brief silence, speaking cheerfully. "I cannot understand this mystery—for that there is some mystery in this matter is plain to me. I cannot understand either why you should have preserved from me a secret during all the nine years of our married life. I have had no secrets from you, and I supposed your heart was fully known to me. But I trust you, Ignatia; you will explain the matter to me in good time."

"To-morrow night, after the dinner party, or the next day," she answered, gratefully. "Trust me, Antony, until then. I have never wilfully deceived you, and the only secret I have kept from you will be soon revealed to you."

The marquise forced himself to be content.

"Did the advertisement meet with success?" he asked. "Did you find your daughter?"

"No. She may be dead, as I formerly believed. I had a suspicion only that she lived; not an absolute certainty."

The marquise lapsed into silence. The mystery of the appearance of Holm at Thornhurst, as related to him by the gardener, came back to his mind. The mystery of Lady Thornhurst's singular agitation, illness, and late outdoor walk upon the same night, recurred to him: An atmosphere of mysteries seemed to surround him, and in spite of his resolve to trust his wife he became gloomy, suspicious, and troubled.

The drive to Thornhurst seemed to both interminable. Both experienced a sense of relief as the carriage passed in between the open lodge gates and went swiftly up the long avenue towards the mansion. A rough wind was blowing in from the sea. The sky was dull, and the trees lining the avenue and arching overhead were stripped of their leaves. There was frost in the air, and winter in its bleakest, dreariest aspect reigned dully over land and wild gray sea.

But on alighting at the great porch, and entering the house, a different atmosphere awaited them. In two great massive fire-places along the side of the hall fire was glowing brightly. The hall was spanned with green arches, whose spicy pine odour filled the air. The drawing-room was undecorated, but the long parlours were festooned with wreaths and sprays of polished green, among which the red holly berries glistened like sparks of fire. The dining-room also, as the housekeeper, who was awaiting the return of her ladyship in the hall, informed Lady Thornhurst, was a miracle of beauty in its Christmas suit of feathery, spicy green.

The noble little sons of the marchioness were waiting for her just within the doorway. She embraced them both, complimented the housekeeper and butler on their taste in decorations, and went up to her own rooms.

She appeared at dinner, but soon after retired to her rooms again for the night. The marquise did not follow her, passing the evening alone in his library, and the husband and wife did not meet again until morning.

That both felt the coldness and estrangement that had arisen between them was very evident when they met, but neither alluded to it. The marquise was proud and jealous, and Lady Thornhurst dared not confess her story to him until the dinner party should be over and the guests had departed.

The marchioness spent the day in her own room and in the nursery of her boys. Her husband took care not to intrude upon her. They met again at luncheon, when Lord Thornhurst coldly expressed his pleasure at the recovery of her ladyship, who

was indeed looking unusually well, excitement having brought a faint pink flush to her cheeks and a glorious lustre to her dusky eyes.

The dinner hour was eight o'clock. The guests were nearly all neighbouring gentlemen with whom Lord Thornhurst had been more or less intimate in his long-ago bachelor days, and included two or three gentlemen from town who were visiting in the neighbourhood.

Lady Thornhurst came down to the grand drawing-room some minutes before the arrival of the earliest of their guests. The marquise was pacing the room impatiently, but halted and looked at her admiringly as she swept into his presence. Their estrangement was forgotten for the moment as he gazed upon the full splendour of her tropical beauty. She had never looked more noble, more grand, more queenly, than upon this Christmas evening. She wore a dress of moiré antique, with a sweeping train, and of a rare amber colour, by contrast with which her clear, dark skin, her blue-black hair shining like satin, and her magnificent eyes, like the midnight, appeared more superb and glowing. Diamonds sparkled in her hair, upon her round throat, and on her arms and hands.

Lord Thornhurst approached his wife, and the two were in conversation when the first carriage arrived, bringing Admiral Sir Henry Harcourt and Lady Harcourt his wife, an intimate friend of Lady Thornhurst, and a near neighbour. She was to be the only lady present besides the beautiful hostess.

The remaining guests came punctually, and at eight o'clock the company went out to the stately and beautifully decorated dining-room. The Christmas dinner was fairly inaugurated, and the long and lofty room soon resounded with jest and mirth, such as was appropriate to the season and the occasion.

The several courses had been discussed, and the dessert of pines and forced fruits of various sorts, ices, and other appropriate delicacies were placed upon the table. The servants had been dismissed, and the guests lingered over the dessert, exchanging passages of wit, and relating anecdotes, discussing old times and old friends, and enjoying that "feast of reason and flow of soul" supposed to belong to a well-arranged dinner party.

Suddenly, in a little lull that fell in the general conversation, when one might have heard a pin drop, as the saying is, Mr. Hastings, a beardless young barrister from London, and nephew and heir-apparent of Admiral Harcourt, said, in his pleasant voice, leaning forward and looking down at the foot of the table:

"Sir Morgan Trethyr has done well for himself, Lord Thornhurst. He was married at St. George's, Hanover Square, last Thursday. Lady Trethyr will be the sensation of the season, I predict. The court papers were full of her beauty, dress, style, and diamonds. As the beautiful Mrs. Falconer she was the rage some years since, before her divorce. By-the-by, her divorce made her more the rage than ever. I know three fellows in our club who actually proposed marriage to her, under the conviction that she was celebrated."

The marquise of Thornhurst's brow darkened.

"I am not on exactly friendly terms with Lady Trethyr," he said, haughtily. "I do not approve of divorces."

A tall *épergne* of flowers screened Lord Thornhurst's face from Mr. Hastings, and the latter did not see that he had touched upon a tender subject. He laughed gaily as he said:

"You do not approve of divorced women, I dare say?"

"I do not, sir," said Lord Thornhurst, coldly.

Mr. Hastings laughed again, in utter ignorance that he was standing on the brink of a volcano. The other guests were silent. The admiral, who knew Lord Thornhurst intimately, motioned to his nephew to drop the subject, but Mr. Hastings, in utter innocence and heedlessness, took the fatal plunge.

"Ah, my lord," he laughed, "you are more chivalrous than you would have us believe. One cannot pay a higher compliment to a lady than to make her one's wife, and thus avow one's self to the world her champion for ever. Am I not right in believing Lady Thornhurst to be the noble and injured lady who was plaintiff in the suit of Holm versus Holm?"

A silence like that of the dead succeeded. Lady Thornhurst bowed her head, as if to the coming storm. The guests, knowing their host better than young Hastings, were speechless with awe and terror.

But suddenly the silence was broken. Lord Thornhurst leaped to his feet, his eyes aflame, his face aglow, his mien terrific. Young Hastings shrank back in his seat pale as a sheet.

"You say that my wife was a divorced woman?" cried the marquise, in a voice of ringing fury. "You have maligned a most noble lady. And I cast back the aspersions in your teeth."

(To be continued.)

The Siren.

SONG OF THE OCEAN SPRITE.

DUDLEY ST. JOHN.

VOICE.

Vivace. *scherso.* There's a gleam in the sky, a glow on the wave, And Oh! who in the bell of the lily would sleep When the

PIANO. *pf* *poco crescendo e lento.* *p*

dolce. *A* sea-nymphs in moonlight their bright tresses lave, Dews are de-scend - ing, fer-tile and bland, And incense comes wafted from Ar - a - by's land; Then stars spar-kle bright on the breast of the deep? What el - fin would lie in a co - ra - line cave When the moon in her lus-tre is light-ing the wave?

pp

who would not haste to sport in the spray, That have slept in the cup of the cow-slip all day, And stem the wild wave in a nau - ti - lus gay, Till the Hi - ther, then, hither your fai - ry barques guide, To re - vel it mer - ri - ly o - ver the tide, And spread to the breeze your pin - ions of light, Till the

p *fz*

lento. *ad lib.* gray morn-ing cha - ses the star-light a-way. There's a gleam in the sky, a glow on the wave, And fal-ries in moonlight their bright tresses lave, dawn puts the stars and the moonbeams to flight. There's a gleam, &c.

colla voce.

scherso. *ad lib.* Dews are de-scend - ing fer-tile and bland, And incense comes wafted from Ar - a - by's land.

p dolce. *colla parte.* *poco cres.* *R. G.*

Oh! who in the bell of the lily would sleep
When the stars sparkle bright on the breast of the deep?
What elfin would lie in a coralline cave
When the moon in her lustre is lighting the wave?

Hither, then, hither your fairy barques guide,
To revel it merrily over the tide,
And spread to the breeze your pinions of light,
Till the dawn puts the stars and the moonbeams to flight.
There's a gleam, &c.

EMBROIDERED SQUARE. EDGING IN NET APPLIQUE. WORK BAG, FASHIONS, &c., &c.

SQUARE PATTERN AS ORNAMENT FOR COVERS, &c.—No. 1.

ACCORDING to the material of which the cover is composed should be that selected for this square-shaped ornament. For cloth thick silk would be advisable. Supposing the cover to be of fawn colour, the square would look well in deep blue silk embroidered according to the illustration in black silk. The surrounding trimming of the square should be tatted in black purse silk.

EDGING IN NET APPLIQUE.—No. 2.

THIS edging is especially suited for curtains, long or short. The appliqué is of net and muslin embroidered. Trace the design on muslin and work it in darning stitch with embroidery cotton. When the design is wrought cut it carefully away from the net which has served as the foundation.

WORK BAG.—No. 3.

THIS rich and elegant work bag—quite a finish to a lady's toilet at an evening fancy-work gathering—is partly composed of violet satin arranged in puffs. The upper part of this bag is of black velvet, the edging of gold braid, which material forms the additional ornamentation in the shape of the stars. The ruche trimming is of pinked cashmere in violet, and violet cashmere lines the bag. The handle is covered with strips of violet velvet on the slant, and adorned with gold braid embroidery. The tassels are of gold-coloured silk.

FASHIONS.

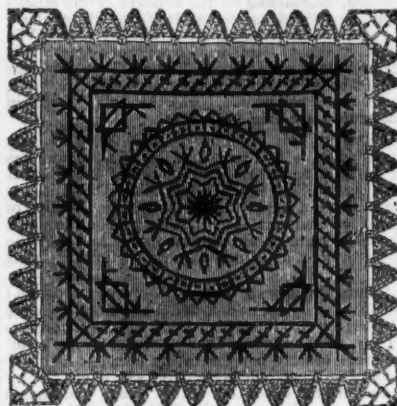
LADIES' CLOTH.—This material for winter suits is more closely woven, but soft and not heavy. The exquisitely smooth surface has a demilustre. Vandyke brown and myrtle green are the colours most used; navy-blue is third in proportion; then wine-colour.

CLOAKINGS.—White cloth of pure lambswool is used for children's cloaks. It is a third of an inch thick, fleecy on the under side, smooth and lustreless on top, and as soft as cashmere. This is usual cloth width. The same fabric is also shown in several colours for wraps for ladies as well as children. Among these are dark plum, cypress green, sailor blue, pale leather-colour, and clear French gray. Lighter cloths, only heavy enough for house jackets, are woven with heavy ribs, diagonal or lengthwise, in imitation of corduroy. These are shown in white, brown, gray, and scarlet. The design for making is a short half-fitting jacket, with a seam down the centre of the back and wide side bodies. The end of the garment is cut in bold Gothic points faced with velvet, and each point is finished by a tassel. The sleeves are flowing. The collar pointed back and front, with tassels on the points.

LACES.—Lace will be largely used for trimming silk and cashmere suits for the winter. Guipure lace is seen on many French garments, even those made by the fastidious French modistes. We have seen a velvet garment with guipure in new designs imitating Spanish blonde. The heading is rich passementerie, with jet ornaments. Guipure laces in trimming width—that is, from two to three and a half inches—is in Gothic designs, arched points, and lines like columns. The German guipures are far cheaper, and are excellent in their way, substantial, and of pretty patterns. Coloured guipure laces, in brown and gray shades to match cashmeres, are also shown. Black duchesse lace, so much worn, will be very fashionable for velvet and cashmere this season. The novelty in Chantilly lace is the designs of shaded figures hitherto confined to mantles, but now seen in laces for garniture. For lace collars the large empress shape, with round back three or four inches deep, and pointed in front, is still fashionable. It is shown in point duchesse lace, point appliqué, and round point. Honiton lace for trimming is a showy and substantial lace, and its designs furnish models for the French duchesse point. The latter, however, is so fine that it is preferred to the original.

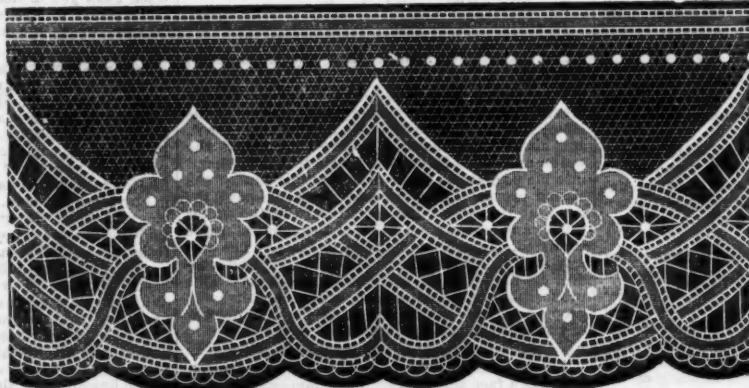
HINTS ABOUT COSTUMES.—The Marguerite polonaise, or a similar garment with basquine back, is the principal feature of costumes. This polonaise is

made in every fabric—cretonne, alpaca, cashmere, silk, and velvet. Black alpaca, cashmere, and striped silks are the standard costumes for the present intermediate season, and self-trimmings are invariably



SQUARE EMBROIDERED PATTERN.—No. 1.

used on them. A succession of overlapping bias folds, with one or two ruffles below, is the arrangement. The folds should be interlined with crinoline. Another favourite fashion is a straight wide flounce



EDGING IN NET APPLIQUE.—No. 2.

in pleats stitched near the top and half-way down the flounce. Button-moulds covered with the dress material are set on the pleats. Sometimes the pleats are at wide intervals, with bows between.



WORK BAG.—No. 3.

LINGERIE.—New linen collars retain the pointed front so long worn; but, instead of having a standing band behind, they are turned down all round the neck, the fall at the back being separated from the front points. They are cut to fit very high, are but-

toned close about the throat, and are sometimes worn quite above the dress neck, the chemisette or dress protector of white muslin that is now attached to all linen collars serving to fill up the interim. This chemisette is no longer narrow, but is made several inches deep. It makes the collar fit properly, and prevents the dress lining from being soiled by the skin. These collars, called the princesses, are made of very fine linen, finished with a slightly pointed edge of embroidery. They are exceedingly dainty for morning and travelling costumes. The square cuffs made to match are very broad, and are sewed to a full under sleeve, on which a broad puff is sometimes placed to fill out the full sleeves now worn. Another new linen collar without trimming also turns down all round, is slightly pointed, and is shaped to fit the neck without rising on the sides. Tucking and embroidery will be the trimming for linen in preference to the much-adulterated Valenciennes worn lately. More expensive linen sets have wider turned-down collars, almost in Byron shape, nearly covered with the most exquisite French needlework. The embroidery is in heavily wrought designs, each rose leaf artistically shaded. The pointed collar with standing back is still much used, especially when finished with narrow edging of pointed embroidery.

FAT MEN.—It is a striking fact that most persons want to weigh more than they do, and measure their health by their weight, as if a man were a pig, valuable in proportion to his heaviness. The racer is not fat—a good plough horse has but a moderate amount of flesh.

Heavy men are not those which experienced contractors employ to build railroads and dig ditches. Thin men, the world over, are the men for endurance, are the wiry and hardy; thin people live the longest. The truth is, fat is a disease, and, as a proof, fat people are never well a day at a time—are not suited for hard work. Still, there is a medium between as fat as a butter ball and as thin and juiceless as a fence-rail. For mere looks, moderate rotundity is most desirable; to have enough flesh to cover all angularities. To accomplish this in the shortest time a man should work but little, sleep a great part of the time, allowing nothing to worry him, keep always in a joyous, laughing mood, and live chiefly on albuminates, such as rye, and oats, and corn, and barley, with sweet milk, and buttermilk, and fat meats. Sugar is the best fattener known.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE "MEGERA."—A correspondent sends the following extract from *Punch* in the year 1853 (Vol. 24, page 130), which contains an allusion to the "Megera":—"That crazy old steamship the 'Australian' (by-the-bye she has been scarcely launched a twelvemonth) has again, we see, been forced to put back to Plymouth. After all the repairs she was reported to have undergone, she left the Sound it seems in anything but sound condition, for within a few hours she was as full of leaks as a Welshman's market garden, and it was only by incessant working at the pumps that the passengers contrived to keep their heads above water. They will now, we suppose, go to work at the directors, and their experience at the pumps will obviously assist them. As for the ship, after breaking down so often she should now be broken up, unless indeed her owners were to sell her to the Admiralty. Her performances are already almost worthy of the 'service,' and by the usual course of management she might soon, we think, be made as useless as almost any other of our Government steamers. Indeed we should not wonder if in time she might be brought to rival even the 'Megera.'"

A GOOD CIGAR.—"The value of a good cigar," said Bismarck as he proceeded to light an excellent Havana, "is best understood when it is the last you possess, and there is no chance of getting another. At Königgratz I had only one cigar left in my pocket, which I carefully guarded during the whole battle as a miser does his treasure. I did not feel justified in using it. I painted in glowing colours in my mind the happy hour when I should enjoy it after the victory. But I had miscalculated my chances." "What was the cause of your miscalculation?" "A poor dragon. He lay helpless, with both arms crushed, murmuring for something to refresh him. I felt in my pockets, and found I had only gold, and that would be of no use to him. But, stay—I had still my treasured cigar. I lighted this for him, and

placed it between his teeth. You should have seen the poor fellow's grateful smile. I never enjoyed a cigar so much as that one I did not smoke."

FACETIE.

QUITE FAIR.

Why is a cabman justified in "gobbling up" any one who rides in his vehicle? Because he has a right to subsist on his daily fare.—*Fun.*

THE NEW COLOUR—"WARRANTED FAST."

Constantia: "Georgy, dear (never so dear as when shopping), 'I do like that shade; it just suits me!'" Poor Georgy (who means what he says): "I wish to goodness it didn't!"—*Judy.*

INDIGESTION DELICATELY DESCRIBED.

Mamma: "Where is your pain, my darling?" Edith: "Oh, just in that place where a doll's wax ends; and it goes all the way down to my legs!"—*Punch.*

"A CORKER."—"See here," said a landlord to a tipsy customer who wanted a pint of whisky, "you can't have any more whisky here. I've told you so twice in plain English. Will you have it now in Latin or Greek?" "No, thank's, sir; I want it in a bottle!"

"SAUCE FOR THE GANDER."

Wife: "I say, Joe, dear, if you can't enjoy your supper now you have lost your grubble about nine hours—grumble for me, as I've done fourteen, and ain't finished yet."—*Punch.*

"ANOTHER WAY."

Mamma: "Now, Herbert, if you're naughty I shall have to punish you, and you will find I shall not spare the rod and spoil the child."

Herbert: "Oh, mamma, hadn't you better spare the child and spoil the rod?"—*Fun.*

STEELING A MARCH.

A new drum has been invented, in which the head is made of steel instead of parchment. There is a fitness in this. Cold steel is more appropriate for a martial instrument than the skin of the peaceful sheep.—*Fun.*

"WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS."—Mr. Buster is an opponent of free schools from "principle." He goes "agin education" not because of its unconstitutionality, but because it's unnatural. Ignorance is "natur," he says. We are born ignorant, and ought to be kept so.

SHOCKING DEPRAVITY.—A clergyman was riding by a bleaching-ground where a woman was at work watering her webs of linen cloth. He asked her where she went to church, what she heard on the preceding day, and how much she remembered. She could not even tell the text of the last sermon.

COLLEGIATE PROFICIENCY.—At a college examination the students were asked the meaning of the word "hypothesis." One candidate answered that it was "a machine for raising water." Another said it was "something that happened to a man after death."

RURAL NAIVETE.—An honest farmer of Surrey has written a letter to a relative abroad to say that all this talk in the newspapers about a sanguinary engagement between the Germans and the English at Dorking is a stupid hoax, and that he lives in the neighbourhood of Dorking, and that nothing of the sort has occurred there at all.

EXPERIENCE CONFIRMED.—An old toper who had attended a scientific lecture, where the learned professor caused several explosions to take place from the gases produced by water, said: "You don't catch me putting water in my liquor after this. I had no idea before that water was so dangerous, though I never liked to take too much of it."

CONCLUSIVE REASON.—"You are about to remove, are you not?" "No." "Why, you wrote up 'Selling off.'" "Yes; every shopkeeper is selling off." "You say, 'No reasonable offer refused.'" "Why, I should be very unreasonable if I did refuse such an offer." "But you say, 'Must close on Saturday.'" "To be sure. You would not have me open on Sunday, would you?"

FROM THE EDGWARE ROAD.

"The Scissor Manufacturers of Sheffield confirm their previous resolution not to grant the grinders an advance."

We know nothing at all about the matter in dispute, and therefore feel perfectly at liberty to say that we hope the manufacturers are not going to grind their workmen as well as their scissors.—*Punch.*

A FACULTY FOR SIMILITUDE.—A lady, having passed through a certain fashionable quarter, was asked what she thought of the houses, and said, "Your crook-spined, hump-shouldered house, with a wen on one side, a wart on the other, a factory chimney on the door, and pilot-house on the roof, may make an interesting feature in a landscape, but for a house to live in commend me to the generous old square mansion such as does most abound

in the rural districts. The wide centre hall, rooms on each side, and L kitchen, for homestead architecture, never has been and never can be equalled."

"ORACULAR" REASONING.—An "oracle" at New Orleans, discoursing on the wonders of the Mississippi, mentioned the iron coffin of De Soto, containing the golden trumpet given him by Queen Victoria. "What!" exclaimed one; "not Queen Victoria?" "Yes, sir, Queen Victoria." "Why, she wasn't born by two hundred years or more." "I don't care if she wasn't," was the reply, "I reckon she could leave it in her will!"

ANALYSIS OF HYSTERIA.—The following may be relied on as a correct analysis of the symptoms of hysteria, as described by one who "knew how it was herself." "When I get behind hand in my work and am expecting company, I get so kind of mixed up and out of sorts that I feel as though I should go right up through the roof. And then the doctor comes, and I don't know anything." Poor girl.

"THE FINISHING TOUCH!"—Farmer (who had been most obliging, and taken great interest in the picture): "Good morn'n, sir! But"—(aghast)—"I say, what are you a doin' of, mister? A pintin' all them beastly poppies in my corn!—A bit o' colour?"—What could my landlord say, d'you think?—and after I'd put off outtin' cause you hadn't finished, to oblige yer, I didn't think you'd a done it! You don't come a pintin' on my land any more!"—[Exit, in great dudgeon.]—*Punch.*

FOOL-SOME FLATTERY.

Boy, in hat: "I say, what's the time, boy—is it twelve yet?"

2nd Boy: "I can't be no more."

1st Boy: "What do you mean; is it one yet?"

2nd Ditto: "I can't be less."

1st Ditto: "H'm, they want a fool down at the 'George,' you'd better go for the situation."

2nd Ditto: "Oh! beast thou gwine to leave, then?"—*Fun.*

TOO MANY FOR HIM.—Four sharpers having treated themselves to a sumptuous dinner at the Hôtel Montreuil, were at a loss how to settle for it, and hit on the following plan:—They called the waiter and asked for the bill. One thrust his hand into his pocket, as if to draw out his purse; the second prevented him, declaring he would pay; the third did the same. The fourth forbade the waiter taking any money from either of them, but all three persisted. As none would yield, one said, "The best way to decide is to blindfold the waiter, and whoever he first catches shall settle the bill." This proposition was accepted, and while the waiter was groping his way round the room they slipped out of the house one after another.

RETURNING HOME FROM THE SEA-SIDE.

All the family have colds, except the under-nurse, who has a face-ache. Poor materfamilias, who originated the trip, is in despair at all the money spent for nothing, and gives way to tears. Paterfamilias endeavours to console her with the reflection that "he knew how it would be, but that, after all, St. John's Wood, where they live, is such a healthy place that, with care and doctoring, they will soon be nearly as well as if they had never left it!"

[Two gay bachelors may be seen contemplating Paterfamilias and his little group. Their interest is totally untinted with envy.]—*Punch.*

ACCOUNTED FOR.

A story comes from a newspaper correspondent that the King of Spain went out in Tarragona Bay recently, and "astonished his gentleman in attendance, General Balagna, by beginning to strip off his clothes. The general asked the king what he was going to do. 'I am going to have a swim,' called out Amadeo the First; and straightway, to the terror of his companion, he saw a summer suit in the Mediterranean." There is nothing very peculiar in a king knowing how to swim, however much it may astonish the Spaniards. But then, you see, they haven't had a monarch, for some time, able to keep his head above water.—*Judy.*

WELL BROKEN.

Customer (to horse-dealer's boy): "Sent this horse to show me, eh? Where did your master get him?"

Boy: "Don't know, sir."

Customer: "Is he quiet in harness?"

Boy: "Don't know, sir."

Customer: "Will your master warrant him sound?"

Boy: "Don't know, sir."

Customer: "Confound it, boy! What did your master tell you to say to me about the horse?"

Boy: "He told me to say 'don't know, sir, to everything as you asked me!'"—*Punch.*

POLONIUS'S MOTHER.—At a populous manufacturing town there was an inhabitant who held a good position as a fishmonger, and being partial to theatricals, was very kind, and gave assistance to the manager of the theatre royal. Being anxious to make his debut, it was at last arranged that he

should play Polonius for the manager's benefit, the gentleman himself playing Hamlet. The house was crammed, and the play proceeded until it came to the lines, "Do you know me, my lord?" "Excellent well; you are a fishmonger!" when the maternal parent of Polonius (being in front), thinking the line was a personal insult to her son, rose and said: "Well, sir, if he is a fishmonger he has been very kind to you, and you've no right to expose him in public."

THE BEST WE HAVE SEEN.

A capital story is told of a young fellow, who one Sunday strolled into a village church, and during the service was electrified and gratified by the sparkling of a pair of eyes which were riveted upon his face. After the service he saw the possessor of the shining orbs leave the church alone, and, emboldened by her glances, he ventured to follow her, his heart aching with rapture. He saw her look behind, and fancied she evinced some emotion at recognising him. He then quickened his pace, and she actually slackened hers, as if to let him come up with her—but we will permit the young gentleman to tell the rest in his own way:

"Noble young creature!" thought I, "her artless and warm heart is superior to the bond of custom."

I had reached within a few stone-throws of her. She suddenly halted, and turned her face towards me. My heart swelled to bursting. I reached the spot where she stood; she began to speak, and I took off my hat, as if doing reverence to an angel.

"Are you a pedlar?"

"No, indeed, my dear girl, that is not my occupation."

"Well, I don't know," continued she, not very bashfully, and eyeing me very sternly, "I thought when I saw you in the meetin' house that you looked like a pedlar who passed off a powder half-crown on me three weeks ago, an' so I determined to keep an eye on you."

THE SENSITIVE GROCER.—In Newport a grocer who kept a shop was noted for his grasping disposition. One day he nailed up a salt cod on one of the shutters of his shop, and underneath it he wrote in chalk: "Codfish for sale cheap for cash here." Presently in came an acquaintance, and said: "What do you have 'here' on that sign about codfish for? You don't sell codfish or any other goods in any place but here. Anybody would know where you sold them without that word." "That's so," said the grocer; "boy, wipe out the word 'here' from the codfish sign." The boy obeyed, and the next day another critic appeared. Said he: "For cash! who ever knew you, to trust for any goods? Why do you say you sell codfish for cash?" "You are right," said the grocer; "boy, wipe out the words 'for cash' from the codfish sign." This was done, and shortly after a third critic came to the shop, objecting to the word "cheap." "Who ever knew you to undersell other dealers?" said he; "you don't sell any cheaper than they. Your prices are just the same as theirs, and more, if you can get it. Cheap! cheap! what do you have that word for?" "Well, it is not of much use," said the grocer; "boy, wipe out the word 'cheap' from the codfish sign." Again the boy did as his master bade, and the same day critic No. 4 found fault with the phrase "for sale." Said he: "For sale! no one ever knew you to give away codfish. Of course you keep them for sale; there is no occasion for telling people what everybody knows." "There is something in that," said the grocer; "boy, wipe out 'for sale' from the codfish sign." This left the salt cod and the single word "codfish" beneath. It was but a few minutes after that a customer who came in to buy some goods remarked to the grocer: "What a funny sign you've got out here; any one would know that is a codfish nailed on your shutter." "So they would," was the reply; "boy, wipe out the word 'codfish' from that sign." The boy obeyed, and the fish remained with no inscription.

MR. DISSRAELI AND ROSES.—Speaking at Highbury recently, Mr. Disraeli said:—With regard to flowers I should like to see more products of that description, but I know there is an impression that it is an expensive thing to cultivate flowers. Now, I must say that this is a very great error. There is nothing so cheap as to institute a flower garden. In the first year there might be a very slight expenditure in seeds. In the next year you help each other and exchange seeds and plants, and it is quite impossible to say how much can be effected in the garden by constant vigilance and industry. A friend of mine said to me the other day that roses were expensive things. I told him that all he had to do in November was to plant some briars, then in the spring, if he would come to my garden or the garden of any other gentleman in the parish, he might obtain buds, and learn how to insert them in the briars, and before the autumn was over he would find his garden full of the beautiful productions of nature, almost as beautiful as the names they bear. Therefore it is a mistake to suppose that indulging

in the cultivation of flowers is a very expensive and troublesome affair

GRUBS.

THE grub is decidedly an accumulative being. There is no work, however unpleasant, which he will not undertake in order to obtain money. He considers himself a happy and blessed being in proportion to the weight of his gold bags; when they are light he is low-spirited and morose, when they are heavy he is beaming and cheerful.

He has a lofty contempt for pride, and is never tired of declaiming against people who decline to do what he does in order to obtain money. He is utterly indifferent what degrading occupation his children pursue so long as they make money thereby. He is never better pleased than when he hears of some more extravagant being than himself coming to grief, and is ready upon all occasions to indulge in a homily when he hears of a person having taken a holiday and gone on a pleasure excursion. He takes very few holidays himself, and is careful that his children shall not take very many either, for he cannot see the good of wasting money in such a manner.

He can never, for one moment, be induced to entertain the idea that travelling enlarges the sympathies and understanding, and, therefore, is worth whatever it costs. He is quite content never to move out of the district in which he was born, as he is quite convinced that there is not such another place on the face of the whole earth. He despises luxuries, whether of dress or of living. The diet in his house is of the plainest description and upon a limited scale. His dress, and that of his children, is shabby, and the furniture of his dwelling is as meagre and plain as he could have it without absolutely disgracing himself.

He would as soon think of flying as of bringing his child home a book or a box of paints or drawing materials, and looks contemptuously upon those fathers who are guilty of such weaknesses. His children get little money given them by him, and what is given them by other people he loves to see them hoard. He becomes savagely satirical if a luckless youngster ventures to purchase anything. He has a profound contempt for those fathers and mothers who give their children the best education they can.

He despises French, Latin, drawing, music, and all such accomplishments, and is very careful that his child shall have none of them, or that it shall not in any way be educated above its station. Anything that they object to on the ground that it is derogatory and wounds their pride he makes them do.

The end and aim of his life are to have gold, and for people to know that he has it. He deems riches to be the conclusive evidence of a man's worth and ability, and is, therefore, never tired of proclaiming—not openly, but in a mock-humble manner—that he is the possessor thereof.

The grub is, emphatically, a careful being. He never indulges in speculations which would either make him a millionaire or reduce him to beggary. He objects, indeed, to speculation of any kind, and stigmatises those people who speculate and lose as fools; and those who speculate and do not lose ought, in his opinion, to do so in order to teach them more sense.

He goes on year after year saving a penny here and a penny there, denying himself and others many pleasures in order to do so. He objects to new things of every kind, and he objects particularly to go-ahead men, who spend if they make, and who, if they lose, by some marvellous means manage to live on the loss. The men he admires are those who keep their noses to the grindstone, and by sheer hard living manage to save a little money. If the grub had had his own way, we should not now have railways or telegraphs, for he would have been afraid, at the outset, to have invested his money therein.

He has the intense longing to grow rich, but he has only the courage to attempt to attain riches by grubbing and saving. When he is in business he never procures machinery until he cannot possibly do without it. He loves to keep to the well-worn and beaten tracks, and is opposed to all innovations.

The amusements of the grub are not numerous. He objects to social visiting on the ground that it costs money, and adopts a stay-at-home policy, so that he may not be compelled often to have visitors at his house. He is not fond of reading; at any rate it is a very rare occurrence that he indulges in a book when he has got to buy it in order to read it. He takes little interest in politics, and less in science.

He may occasionally buy a newspaper, but he never purchases a review or magazine, so he knows little of the questions which are agitating the country. He cares less so long as he imagines he will not be affected. He loves a bit of scandalizing gossip—chiefly, perhaps, because it costs him no

thing. He has the faculty of getting drunk. He generally reproaches himself afterwards—not because he got drunk—oh, dear no! but because he has wasted so much money and made himself ill. He takes care that if he denies himself he will deny his family still more in his efforts to save.

He does not ostentatiously display his wealth as do many men. He is quite satisfied with proclaiming verbally that he is the possessor thereof. The successful man is often open handed and generous, though ostentatious and purse proud; the grub never is.

The older a grub grows the more grubbish he becomes. He shuts himself out from all opportunities of acquiring knowledge, so his mind becomes narrower and narrower as time rolls on. What was at first merely a failing grows into a vice, and he becomes harsh, gloomy, misanthropical, and miserly. He is not respected or admired, for, after all, people do not stand in awe of the man who possesses riches and makes no use of them. His life is a mistake, and he ultimately sinks into the grave uncared for and unregretted, for people know that whoever succeeds to his money cannot make a worse use of it than he has done. H. G.

AFTER HARVEST.

A WILDERNESS of rilled sweets,
The landscape rolls and melts away,
Where the sad gold of twilight meets
The melancholy Rose of Day.

Far on the windy, wooded steep
A leafy murmur swells and dies;
Like some lost echo of the deep,
Dim heard, the edgy waste replies.

Here, drowned in opalescent shade,
Are dreamful nooks of summer rest;
There, vague hill-ranges rise and fade
Along the sombre, fading West.

Slow mantling with a splendour dim,
Of kindling ferns and golden-roads,
The valley lifts her tawny rim—
A mighty tankard of the gods!

For here affluent Harvest glowed
In lavish wealth of grapes and oorn,
Till all the garners overflowed,
And all the yellow glebe was shorn.

And now imperial August, leapt
In queenliest languor, reigns the while,
And all the world in reverie wrapt,
Has caught the glamour of her smile—

The golden haze on hill and wood,
That, deepening, glows from sun to sun,
While, crowned with fruitful motherhood,
Sweet Nature rests from labour done.

But soon the joyous carnival
Shall cease, of Summer's gala hours,
What time the glooms of Autumn fall,
And end the pageant of the Flowers.

E. A. B.

GEMS.

IMPATIENCE.—In all evils which admit a remedy impatience should be avoided, because it wastes that time and attention in complaints which, if properly applied, might remove the cause.

WONDER.—In wonder all philosophy began; in wonder it ends; and admiration fills up the interspace. But the first wonder is the offspring of ignorance; the last is the parent of adoration.

HOW TO RULE A HUSBAND.—Above all things, if a wife wishes to make home attractive to her mate, let her keep a sharp eye on the cook. Nothing makes a male creature more discontented with his house than bad dinners, ill served.

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

HOREHOUND CANDY.—To seven pounds of good raw sugar put half a pint of the decoction of horehound, with a pint of water to the sugar; boil it on a good fire until it gets up to 235 degs. of the thermometer; then stand it aside for half an hour, and until a skim forms on the top; then work it well against the sides of the pan until it gets as thick as cream; then pour it on wafer paper in tin frames; then cut any shape you like. Practice will be all that is required if the thermometer is watched.

CHOLERA AND COPPER.—It is well known that during the epidemics of cholera which have occurred in this country Birmingham suffered little or nothing in comparison with other large towns. The cause of this immunity from the disease was variously accounted for. One of the most prevalent opinions was that it depended mainly on the extent of the workings in copper carried on in the town and neighbourhood. From a late publication of Dr.

Burg's there is some ground for believing that that opinion is the correct one. Dr. Burg, in revising the different statistics of deaths from cholera during its last outbreak in Paris in 1864 and 1865, finds that, out of 26,332 artisans in brass and copper there were only 16 deaths—viz., 6 per 1,000. In other statistics he finds, among 5,650 copper-smiths, founders of bronze, and manufacturers of brass instruments, not a single death is recorded from cholera. In the society of the "Bon Accord," formed in Paris in 1819, and composed only of workers in bronze, there has not been a single member attacked by cholera since the foundation of the society; and we may add to these curious and interesting facts that the city of Mio-Tinto, protected as it is by the surrounding copper-mines, has never been visited by the epidemic, although it ravages all the surrounding provinces.

STATISTICS.

EXPENSES OF FORTIFICATIONS.—Up to the 1st of April last there had been raised, in about ten years, 5,905,000*l.* to provide for the expenses of fortifications. The money was raised at 3*½* per cent., and the principal and interest are being repaid by annuities amounting to 420,085*l.*, all expiring on the 5th of April, 1885. The sum authorized by Parliament is 7,400,000*l.*, so that there still remains 1,555,000*l.* to be raised under Acts already passed.

THE GREAT RACES OF 1873.—The entries of yearlings for the Derby, Oaks, and St. Leger, which closed the first Tuesday after the Newmarket July Meeting, show a farther considerable falling off in numbers for the Oaks, while there is a slight reaction for the Derby, and the St. Leger is nearly stationary, as compared with last year. The following have been the number of entries for the years 1863 to 1873 inclusive:

Derby.	Oaks.	St. Leger.	Derby.	Oaks.	St. Leger.
1863 268	221	244	1871 217	180	219
1869 276	201	251	1872 191	175	196
1870 236	198	244	1873 202	159	193

From these figures, says the *Field*, it will be seen that in six years there has been a decrease of about 25 per cent. in the Derby, and but little less in the St. Leger, while in the Oaks the falling off has amounted to very nearly 40 per cent.

MISCELLANEOUS.

INTENSE craving for food of improper kinds and at unreasonable hours can be prevented to a great extent by drinking water.

THE Duke d'Aumale has sent to Twickenham for most of his belongings, especially his English carriages, horses, grooms, and coachman, which are already the talk of Paris. The new Twickenham fire-engine, named "Orleans," is also amongst the arrivals.

THE Castle of Strasburg had long been the residence of the bishops of Strasburg. The town presented it to the Emperor Napoleon III. Since the fall of the Empire there was some uncertainty whether, relying on this gift, Napoleon would again lay claim to the castle. We learn that he has just renounced it in favour of the town.

A NOVELTY IN INDIAN CORN.—Some Indian corn, which had been grown at Birkdale, near Southport, was exhibited in the Liverpool Exchange News-rooms recently, where it excited considerable attention. The plants were sixteen feet high and five inches in the stem; and the grains were as large and thoroughly ripened as if grown in the tropics.

SALE OF PLATE AT THE LOUVRE.—A sale of various objects in Ruolz plate, coming from the Imperial household, was opened a few days back at the Louvre, and was continued for some days. Amongst the crowd were several old servants of the ex-Emperor; and the Duc de Cambacres was one of the principle purchasers. A dessert service, style Louis XVI., 4,070*fr.*; three gilt breakfast sets, in their cases, 3,107*fr.*; two disks, plated with silver, 1,400*fr.*; two chafing dishes, also Louis XVI., 840*fr.*; four dish covers, same style, 423*fr.*; an enamelled tea-urn, 200*fr.*, etc.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S MANSION AT COBURG.—Shortly after the death of Prince Albert the Duke of Edinburgh inherited a large mansion and grounds in Coburg. At that time the mansion-house was in disrepair, and it was allowed to remain in this condition until about two years ago, when workmen from the town of Gotha and neighbourhood were engaged by the duke to put the place into a state of complete repair. The work went slowly on in consequence of the outbreak and continuance of the war between France and Germany. At the close of the war the operations were resumed and carried on with vigour, and it is believed that the duke will reside in the mansion-house when he visits Germany.

CONTENTS.

Page	Page
DARCY'S CHILD; OR, THE DUK'S CHOICE	601
SCIENCE	604
COLOURS CHANGED BY HEAT	604
A CENSUS OF FACTORY HANDS	601
LUKE'S PROBATION	605
THE QUARTER-DECK SPECTRE	608
ACROBA	609
SWEET EOLANTINE	610
THROUGH DARKNESS TO DAWN	613
DISAPPEARANCE OF A LARK	615
LUKE'S HUSBAND	615
HOW TO SEE UNDER WATER	616
WONDERFUL SHOES	617
LIFE'S SHADOWS	617
THE SIREN	620
FASHION PAGE	621
FACE-IT	622
GRUES	623
AFTER HARVEST	623
GENS	623
HOUSEHOLD TREASURES	623
STATISTICS	623
MISCELLANEOUS	623
THROUGH DARKNESS TO DAWN, commenced	430
LIFE'S SHADOWS, com- menced in	431
DARCY'S CHILD; OR, THE DUK'S CHOICE, com- menced in	432
SWEET EOLANTINE, commenced in	434
LUKE'S PROBATION, commenced in	430

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BOMPING LIEKE.—The hair is of a dark brown colour, it appears also to be nice and fine.

EVA V. is advised to wait until the expectation referred to is realized.

F. B. G.—The warehouse in question will be found in Vigo Street, Regent Street, London, W.

MURRY NELL.—The colour of the hair is a very dark brown, and of a shade which is usually much esteemed.

ROSALIND.—The address should invariably be forwarded, and any other particulars which are requested should be sent upon application.

G. P. (Sunderland).—The numbers flow tolerably smoothly, but the lines contain many redundancies and inaccuracies. The sentiment is very languid and un-sound.

Q. Q.—An old correspondent writes to say that a West End dramatic club is in want of a few lady members if any of our readers answering this description would like to join.

W. H. J.—The daughters inherit in equal shares. If each daughter leaves only a son surviving her, and the property is undisposed of by will or otherwise, each son is entitled to his mother's share.

B. S.—You should change your dietary and study simplicity and regularity in your meals and habits, taking care at the same time that the food you take is wholesome and that your apartments are well ventilated.

ELORAK.—The handwriting is good because it is legible, but it lacks both freedom and style; did the body of the letter correspond with the signature, which is very nicely written, the penmanship would deserve greater commendation.

FOX.—The deed of settlement which marked out the estate would doubtless provide for such a contingency as the failure of the gift. But if no such provision were made the gift in all probability would revert to the donor, and if undisposed of would pass by his will or to his heir.

ONE THAT WANTS TO DO RIGHT.—Your first and never-ceasing care should be not to do such a thing again. Then keep your secret faithfully. Remove as far from your persecutors as possible, and committing the past to Heaven with all its irreparable harm, humbly hope and look for its forgiveness and blessing. Thus you can keep your own counsel and be happy.

R. S.—Your cheerful confidences in the men who now fill the ranks of your old profession cannot be misplaced, and you are a capital fellow to do what you can to inspire all with your own ardour. Perhaps if you could get some musical friend to give to your words appropriate melodies with a well-arranged accompaniment, you might command a wider sphere of admiration than that which at present you are able to secure.

H. A. H.—1. The standard of height in cavalry regiments varies with the purposes for which they are respectively designed. It would seem that at present you are too short to be available for any recruiting sergeant, and the probability of your growing much is doubtful. 2. You must write more slowly, with greater care, and use fewer flourishes if you would improve your handwriting.

ANNE.—The marriage is not invalidated by the false statement made concerning the age of the parties at the time it was contracted, and the husband being alive the wife cannot marry during his lifetime. Very probably the parties are liable to some penalties on account of the falsehoods which they uttered. As the husband frequently writes to his wife his absence from England does not amount to desertion.

M. T.—1. The handwriting is very good and rather elegant. 2. You cannot successfully attempt to make any alteration in the colour of the complexion and the appearance of the form which have been given to you by nature. After you have taken proper exercise, enjoyed a sufficient amount of fresh air, and refreshed yourself with a good regulated diet and the necessary quantity of ablutions, you should rest content, and not tamper with your health by using unwholesome cosmetics.

LAUNDRESS.—Always starch twice—that is, starch and dry; then starch again. Iron your shirt in the usual way, making the linen nice and firm; but without any attempt at a good finish; don't lift the plaits; your shirt is now ready for polishing, but you ought to have a board the same size as a common starchboard made of hard wood, and covered with only one ply of plain cotton cloth. Put this board into the breast of your shirt, damp the front very lightly with a wet sponge, then take a polish-

ing iron which is flat, and bevelled a little at one end—polish gently with the bevelled part, taking care not to drive the line up into wave-like blisters; of course, this requires a little practice, but if you are careful, and persevere, in a short time you will be able to give that enamel-like finish which seems to be so much wanted.

J. M. A.—The literal translation of the motto *Palma non sine pulvere* is "An open hand, not without dust." The choicer of the motto possibly meant to say that he was of an ingenuous and generous disposition, and exulted in the possession of a begrim'd hand as illustrative not merely of the dignity of labour, but of the owner's capacity to grapple with difficulties and other arduous things and to overcome them.

O. P. Q.—1. If in good health you could use a tooth powder composed of finely powdered camphor and prepared chalk. The proportion is one drachm of the former to half a pound of the latter. In reducing the camphor to powder use a little spirit of wine. If the health is delicate add to the above a drachm of magnesia and six grains of sulphate of quinine. 2. It is impossible to divine the intentions of the eminent purport in question, especially as they probably depend upon a variety of circumstances which are yet future.

J. H. B. T.—The process of making plate glass requires too many appliances for an amateur to render it a subject of amusement. You may be more successful with the skins which, when required for use with the wool upon them are prepared first by being saturated with salt butter, after this the flesh side is rubbed over a burnt iron in order to remove loose pieces of integuments and to reduce the resistance. The fur is afterwards cleaned by means of mahogany dust, which being thrown over it and beaten out again and again conduces to make the fur glossy and clean.

"A LITTLE TOO FAR."

A jest is well enough in its way.

For it never can make or mar,

Provided, my friend of the humorous turn,

You go not a little too far!

'Tis apt to be the way with us all,

Our caution it comes too late;

And the blunders we make, and the hearts we

pin,

Are laid at the door of fate!

How many a poor, unhappy wretch,

Confined behind bolt and bar,

Has forged his chains on an evil hour

By going a little too far!

By stepping over the boundary line

That separates right from wrong;

Thus proving himself but a coward weak,

Who might have been stout and strong.

To find the spot that we stand upon,

And the manner of our way,

Let us sound the depths of the soul, my friend,

Lest we go "a little too far."

M. A. K.

C. C. W.—Your manuscripts are declined with thanks. According to the Carlisle table of the law of mortality, out of every ten thousand persons only 6,947 complete the age of 21; and in the same proportion 5,642 arrive at 30 years of age, 5,075 at 40, 4,397 at 50, 3,643 at 60, 2,401 at 70, 953 at 80, 142 at 90, nine at 100, and one at 104. It may be further observed that the rate of mortality in England has much decreased since the commencement of the present century. In the year 1800 about one forty-eighth part of the whole population died, and in the year 1851 only one fifty-sixth part of the population died.

MATILDA, twenty-two, medium height, brown hair and eyes, and good tempered. Respondent must be tall, dark, and fond of home.

FRANCIS, 6ft. lin., fair, light brown hair, dark eyes, moustache, and whiskers, good tempered, affectionate, and fond of home. Respondent must be fair and loving.

ELOISE, eighteen, 5ft. 2in., fair, brown wavy hair, dark blue eyes, and would like to marry a tall, dark gentleman, about twenty-four years of age, who must be very steady.

FRED, tall, fair, good looking, good tempered, fond of home, and would like to receive the care of a young lady from nineteen to twenty-one years of age with a view to matrimony.

M. S., nineteen, 5ft. 4in., dark eyes and hair, and fond of home. Respondent must be about twenty-three, respectable, fond of home, and possess an income of about 200l. per annum.

FRANK, twenty-one, 5ft. 7in., dark complexion, a clerk with a salary of 130l. and good prospects, wishes to marry a young lady of fair complexion, pretty, educated, and agreeable.

LIZIE, a widow, twenty-six, without children, and possessing a comfortable home, would like to marry a respectable tradesman or mechanic. "Lizie" is of medium height, has dark hair, blue eyes, rosy cheeks, good tempered, and clever.

A. W. W., twenty-seven, 5ft. 6in., has a farm in the United States, and is stout and good looking. Would like to marry a lady under the above age, who is willing to go to America next spring, and who has a little money.

LONESOME, twenty-three, tall, good looking, industrious, musical, fond of home, and a farmer's son with good prospects. Respondent must be cheerful, good tempered, have a little money, and be capable of making a good wife.

PETIT PAUL, a young Frenchman of twenty-two, tall, dark complexion, brown hair, good looking, good tempered, and well acquainted with the English language, wishes to marry an English young lady about eighteen, fair, loving, rather pretty, one who would not mind residing in Paris.

TWO SISTERS.—"Swan" seventeen, petite, blue eyes, fair hair, pretty, small hands and feet, loving, domesticated, and accomplished. Respondent must be tall, dark,

handsome, and of good family. "Little Wild Rose," sixteen, petite, pretty, golden brown hair, large hazel eyes, merry, loving, accomplished, and of good family. Respondent must be tall, handsome, a gentleman, and able to keep "Wild Rose" if he gets her. Both are orphans well provided for.

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED:

MAY is responded to by—"Charley," nineteen, 5ft. 7in., dark complexion, and meets all "May's" requirements.

CHINA JACK writes for "Eliza's" card, and wishes to hear from her.

HERBERT by—"Amy," medium height, brown hair and eyes, accomplished, and good looking.

BLACKBERRY by—"Rebecca," 5ft. 3in., fair and domesticated, loving and good tempered, a country lass.

FELIX by—"Victoria," twenty-six, tall, good looking, and loving—understands housekeeping.

STATSBY by—"Molly," nineteen, dark hair and eyes, and "a lass that loves a sailor."

OMEGA by—"Lurline," twenty-one, tall, fair, handsome, and accomplished.

PACBY by—"Lily," seventeen, tall, fair, blue eyes, loving, musical, and very fond of dancing.

EMILY by—"Tom," twenty-one, tall, black whiskers, good looking, and with an income of 150l. per annum.

WALDECOAT by—"Seventeen," light brown hair and eyes and a loving heart to bestow on a kind husband.

MIZEN by—"Clara Constant," black hair and dark eyes, 5ft. lin., and twenty—could dearly love a sailor.

CHARLIE by—"Nellie" (her real name), seventeen, fair hair and blue eyes, affectionate, and pretty.

CHARLIE by—"Annie," twenty-four, medium height, fair, domesticated, and would make a very saving wife; and by—"Lizzie," nineteen, medium height, tall, dark hair and eyes, and of a loving and cheerful disposition.

CHARLEY by—"G. E. P.," twenty-four, rather tall, brown hair and eyes, good tempered, and fond of home and children; and—"Pet," nineteen, a steady, sensible girl, nice looking, loving, fond of home, and a good housekeeper.

RACHAEL by—"Industry," a tradesman, twenty-five, fair hair and whiskers, good looking, and in a prosperous business.

CLAUDE by—"Montgomery," thirty, 5ft. 11in., black wavy hair, thick moustache, handsome, in a responsible and lucrative situation.

CATHERINE by—"Harold," twenty-five, 5ft. 8in., dark eyes and hair, well educated, good tempered, affectionate, good looking, in a good position, and has a little money.

BATTLE THE BEETLE by—"Blue-Eyed Bess," twenty, 5ft. 5in., dark hair, a good housekeeper, and has "expectations."

PRINTER by—"Peggy," twenty-one, dark hair and eyes, good tempered, and nice looking; and—"M. F. L.," eighteen, dark eyes, good tempered, and industrious.

BATTLE THE BEETLE by—"Blue-Eyed Bess," twenty, 5ft. 5in., dark hair, a good housekeeper, and has "expectations."

HARRY BLUFF by—"Bomping Corn," twenty-one, 5ft. 5in., brown hair, blue eyes, good tempered, will make a good wife, and can love a sailor from the bottom of her heart.

A BACHELOR by—"Edith," who would be glad to know his age, profession, and income; she has no objection to an elderly gentleman, if he is amiable and kind, as she is herself between thirty and forty.

NAILED TO THE MAST by—"Mabel," twenty, fair, tall, sings, and loves a sailor; and—"Grace," twenty-one, tall, dark, hazel eyes, curly hair, fond of home, a lass that loves a sailor, and can sing and dance beautifully.

"WILD WILL" by—"Fair Lily," twenty-three, 5ft. 7in., black hair, has never yet seen any one whom she could love, but believes that if at the interview "Wild Will" answers to his advertised description she could love him dearly.

A. H. by—"E. A.," nineteen, fond of music, and domesticated—"Bessie," eighteen, medium height, fair, good looking, domesticated, and agreeable; and—"Annie," nineteen, good looking, dark, good tempered, and fond of home.

GENEVIEVE by—"Walter," tall and dark, an amateur violinist and a good linguist in a lucrative situation as corresponding clerk; and by—"Frederick," 5ft. 9in., dark brown hair and dark eyes, a medical student, and can play the piano and sing well.

CONSTANTINE and **NAILED TO THE MAST** by—"Bomping Leslie" and "Merry Nell." The former is eighteen, well educated, amiable, and has dark eyes and hair. The latter is twenty-one, has fair complexion, dark eyes, curly hair, can sing and dance, is domesticated, and a lass that could love a sailor.

S. W. and P. W.—The descriptions are much too meagre.

DEFECTIVE COMMUNICATIONS.—"Lily of the Valley," "Kover," "Midship," "Mother of Pearl," "W. S.," "Neglected," "Marian," and "Anvil" have supplied us with insufficient personal descriptions.

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THE
INDEX
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OF

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VOL. XVIII.

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1872.

PRICE FOUR SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE.



No. 1.



No. 4.



No. 5.



No. 14.

No. 15.

No. 16.



No. 5.



No. 9.



No. 10.



No. 11.



No. 2.



No. 6.



No. 12.



No. 19.

No. 19.



No. 3.



No. 7.



No. 13.

BLACK NET FICHU.—Nos. 1 & 36.
Cut the silk net (which is figured) in the form of a square handkerchief. Then double it crossways so as to form an angle. Arrange it in folds according to illustration, and secure these folds by means of a black satin bow. The whole fichu is trimmed with lace and black satin. To this handkerchief a scarf of similar net is affixed, which is also trimmed with black lace.

COLLAR AND CUFFS.—No. 2.
The collar is to be worn over a square body. It is made of Valenciennes lace and embroidery insertion. A blue silk dress.

BLACK LACE HAT.—Nos. 3 & 13.
This hat is very cool for the summer-time and also very useful. It is made of puff of net and lace. A bow of black corded ribbon bound with velvet in front, and a bunch of wild flowers at the side.

DRESS BONNET OF WHITE SILK TULLE.—No. 4.
This bonnet is covered with white silk tulle, puffed towards the edge, arranged in folds. The crown is covered with white satin finished off with blonde. A marabout feather on a bunch of white daisies conveys at once the idea of elegance and simplicity. On either side there is a scarf of white silk net, joined by a bunch of white daisies.

BARETTES FOR BOYS.—No. 8.
For the construction of one of these barettas take white velvet and line it with strong muslin. Introduce the white silk according to illustration, and lay it on in folds round the edge. The trimming is of pinked velvet, partly in bows and partly in strips.

HEAD-DRESS.—No. 7.
The hair is rather short, and curled. A bow of blue ribbon at the top and a band tied round the hair. A blue alpaca dress.

HAT FOR A YOUNG LADY.—No. 9.
A white chip hat trimmed with white lace and green velvet, two ends at the back of net edged with lace, bunches of white roses and leaves intermixed with the lace.

ROUND HAT FOR A CHILD.—No. 10.
The foundation is of an oval shape cut out in white velvet and arranged in folds round the edge. White silk braid trims the centre, see illustration. For the crown, take the velvet crossways, fold it in halves; secure a wire in the middle and fasten it to the other compartment. Ruches and bows of vandyked white velvet form the trimming of this hat.

A CHILD'S ROUND HAT OF NANKEEN.—No. 11.
The head and rim are of nankeen lined with stout linen and sarcenet. The folds, as represented in the illustration, are formed by drawing nankeen out on the bias, and reeling on wires previously introduced. Ruches, bows, and ends of nankeen form the trimming.

WHITE MUSLIN FICHU.—No. 12.
This fichu is pretty for evening or dinner dress; it is made of white muslin and insertion, with Valenciennes lace at the edge. The dress is of pea-green silk, made long in the skirt. A double skirt looped up with bow of the same, open sleeve with two puffs, white lace at the bottom; body square back and front. Pale pink gloves. The hair is plaited at the back; a bow of green ribbon at the side.

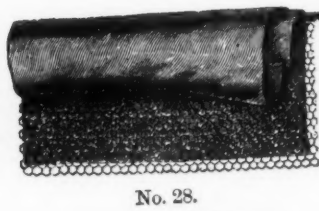
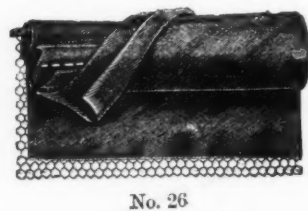
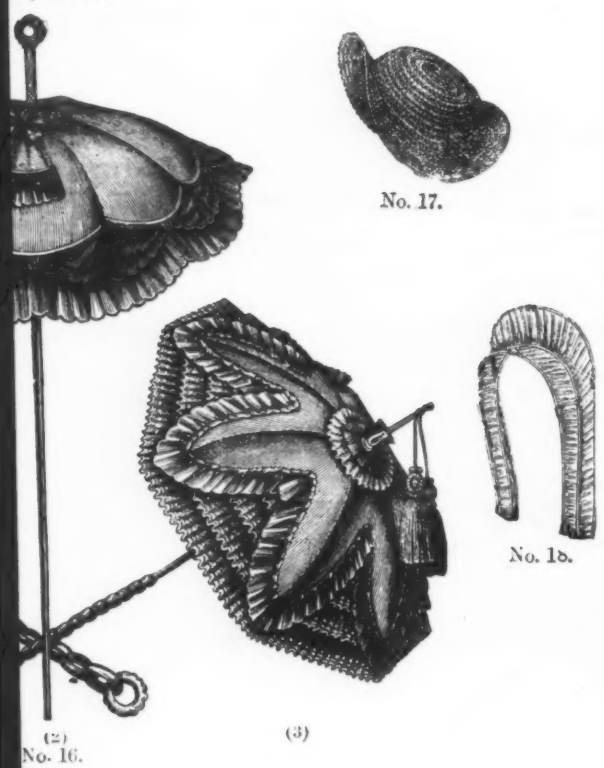
PARASOLS.—No. 16.
1.—A blue silk in small frills lined with white silk; blue silk tassels and ivory handle.
2.—White lace round the edge, over which is a frilling of green silk caught up as seen in illustration, and at the top is a covering of lighter green silk. A bow at the top done in the same way. Plain handle.
3.—Four small pleated frills of white Brussels lace, a covering of white silk vandyked, trimmed with a frilling of white silk; white tassels. Ivory handle.

WALKING TOILETTES.—No. 19.
1.—Dress of gray silk, a deep pleated flounce at the bottom. Between each pleat top and bottom a bow of black ribbon velvet. The tunic or double skirt caught up at the sides, trimmed with velvet, and velvet bow. A black silk jacket trimmed with fringe, and satin. Figure 3 shows the back view. A gray straw hat, gauze veil and flowers.
2.—A black grenadine dress with green stripes, trimming at the bottom, box-pleated, wide black velvet at the top, and tabs between each of the pleats, trimmed round with black lace. At the points of the tabs is mauve fringe. A tunic of the same trimmed similarly to the skirt, caught up at sides with black velvet bow. Jacket of the same as Fig. 1. Lace bonnet.

3.—Walking toilette of mauve lustre. A deep flounce at the bottom, box-pleated, wide black velvet at the top, and tabs between each of the pleats, trimmed round with black lace. At the points of the tabs is mauve fringe. A tunic of the same trimmed similarly to the skirt, caught up at sides with black velvet bow. Jacket of the same as Fig. 1. Lace bonnet.



No. 20.



COSTUME OF BLUE SILK.—No. 20.
(Full size pattern of this jacket and tunic on the other side.)
The skirt just clears the ground. It has a pleated flounce about an inch and a half from the bottom of skirt. At the top four rows of dark blue velvet darker shade than the dress. The trimming is vandyked as the skirt (see illustration). A jacket body and tunic trimmed in the same way; open sleeves; turned back collar of blue velvet. A parasol of blue satin. Black straw hat with a wreath of flowers.

BALL DRESS.—No. 21.
The under skirt is of pink silk. Three flounces at the bottom pinked out. At the top of the flounces is a ruching of silk a shade darker. The top skirt is of pink satin with a flounce of Brussels lace and a quilling of silk, looped up with white lilies and leaves. The body of satin with a pink ruching and Brussels lace. A lace scarf is fastened at the back and hangs half-way down the dress. On the sleeve is a lily. Gold ornaments. Opera cloak of white cashmere.

HAT FOR A YOUNG LADY.—No. 22.
A white straw hat trimmed with two rows of black velvet; round the edge is black lace. A white ostrich feather falls over the crown, which is rather high; a small tuft of feather at the left side. A veil of black lace over the back, fastened with a bow of lace. A gray cloth jacket with velvet collar turned back.

GIPIY BONNET.—No. 23.
A white straw gipsy bonnet trimmed with black lace and black velvet, with a bunch of pink roses and green sleeves Black velvet strings.

TRIMMING FOR A HIGH BODY.—No. 25.
This body is cut heart-shape. The facings are of black

velvet ornamented with black lace. The body is lengthened by basques and fan-like velvet bows. The sleeves are trimmed with similar bow and lace, and are also furnished with manchettes.

BONNET.—No. 31.
Broad black reps ribbon trims the hinder part of this bonnet. By means of ribbon wire placed inside, this ribbon is made to assume the shape of leaves. The outer edge of the ribbon (an important part of the bonnet) is trimmed with black lace. A black ostrich feather reposing on this bonnet, which render it peculiarly suitable for the upper ten thousand. The strings are black reps ribbon.

BROWN SILK COSTUME.—Nos. 32 & 37.
This costume is of light brown corded silk; two flounces at the bottom. Over the flounces are two pleatings of a darker shade of brown with point lace between. The tunic is caught up at the side and at the back, trimmed in the same way as skirt. Jacket body and cape; open sleeve with coat-sleeve underneath, trimmed the same.

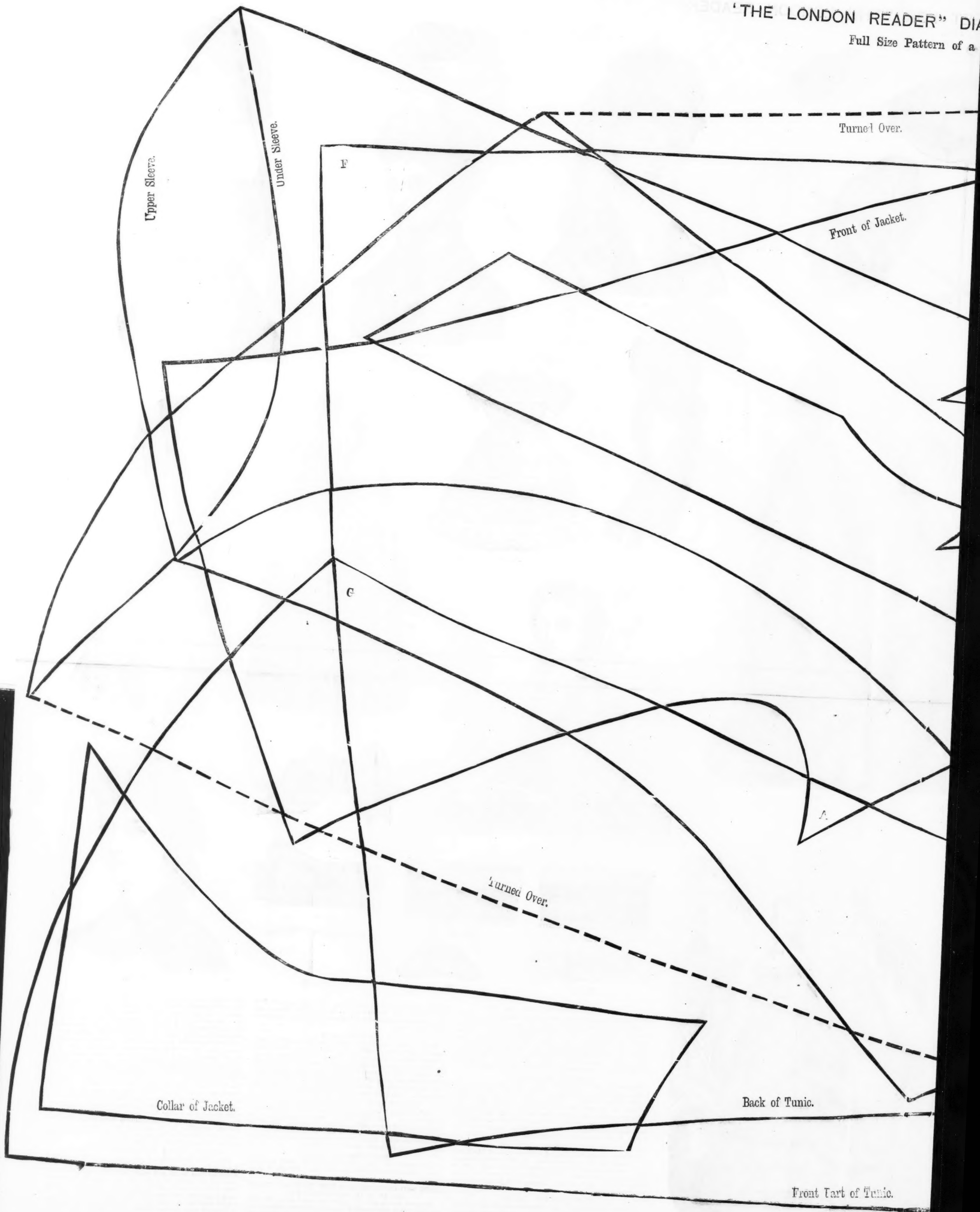
MORNING CAP.—No. 38.
This cap is of black and white lace in small rosettes, pink corded ribbon intermixed with lace; strings of pink ribbon.

HATS AND BONNETS, AND HOW TO MAKE THEM.
Nos. 14, 15, 17, 18, 26 to 30, 34 & 35.

PROCURE strong silk net and well-covered wire. For the fanchon or half-handkerchief bonnet cut the front from illustration 18, bind it with the wire, securing it with languette stitch as shown in No. 35; then cover wire with silk net arranged in folds, using basting stitches where, according to

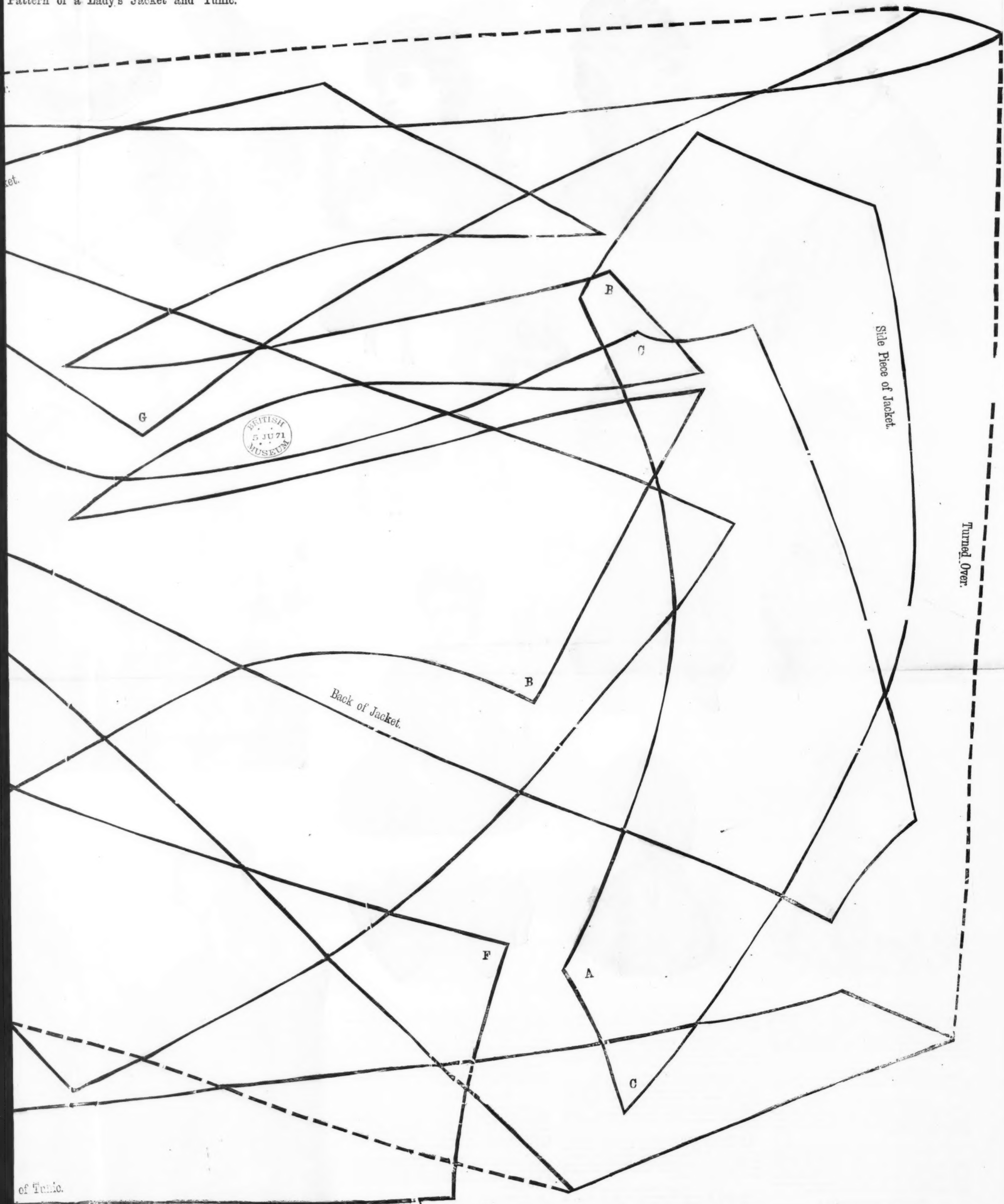
illustration, they must be united to the exterior wire. For No. 15 the covering is effected in a similar manner. The high crown is secured underneath. Cut out the crown from No. 26. Let the hinder part be of stout net. From the cross to the point arrange it in folds, and, according to illustration, join it to the front part. In No. 14 the rim opens in the centre of the hinder part, thus corners are left, which after having been bound with wire are turned up outwards. For No. 30 bend the wires in a circular form, unite and secure them with a few strong stitches; then with the remaining wire shape out a head from the illustration. Cover the wire with black net and bend the hinder side of the rim outwards. No. 36 shows a black net round hat of the newest fashion. Straw, net, or silk bonnets and hats are now bound with strips of silk or satin, which, according to Nos. 26 and 28, securing the doubled material, are worked on the right side with back-stitch, and on the inside with side-stitch. For the bandeau take two ends of ribbon wire, fasten them together, according to No. 27, and having prepared stout gauze and silk on the bias, cover the wire and finish it off on the wrong side with reversible stitches.

CHILD'S FROCK IN BATISTE.—Nos. 5 & 24.
This frock is of white batiste. It consists of a skirt and a low body. Cut the front breadth from No. 5, the side breadths from No. 24, and unite them; then take a straight piece for the hinder breadth. The front breadth is trimmed with Valenciennes insertion and strips of batiste. Every strip is adorned with a medallion worked in flat stitch and edged with Valenciennes lace. The other part of the skirt is trimmed with Valenciennes lace. The short sleeves and the band are adorned with medallions and edged with lace.



DER" DIAGRAM SHEET FOR JUNE, 1871.

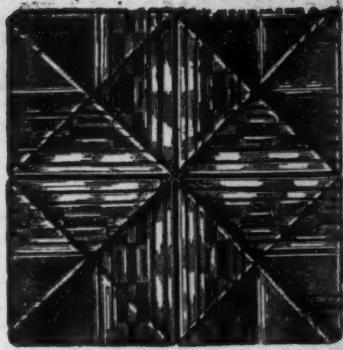
Pattern of a Lady's Jacket and Tunic.



of Tunic.



No. 1.



No. 4.



No. 9.



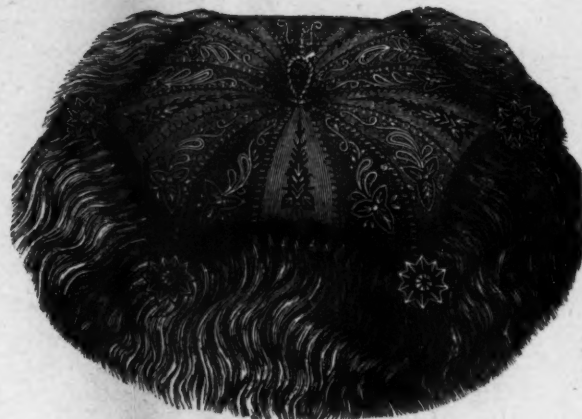
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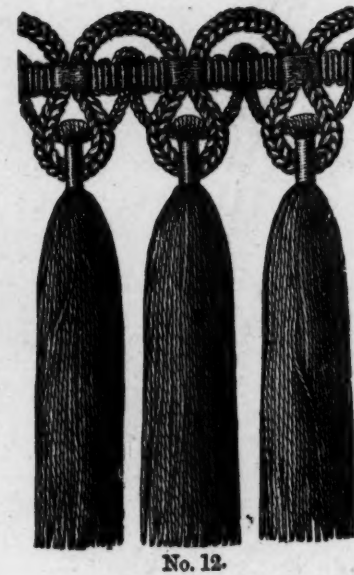
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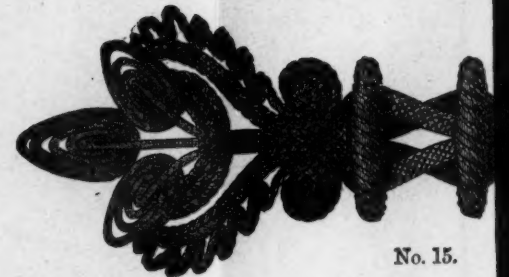
No. 5.



No. 10.



No. 12.



No. 15.



No. 6.



No. 2.



No. 7.



No. 13.



No. 17.



No. 3.



No. 1.—A brown straw hat, trimmed with brown terry velvet and brown lace; a light brown gauze veil at the back, at the top a bunch of flowers.

No. 2.—This apron is rounded. The material is of black reps. The joins are concealed by black satin rolls. A fan-shaped bow of black reps forms the central trimming.

No. 3.—The skirt of this black silk dress is made long, and has a deep pleated flounce, edged with white lace. The tunic is made round, with a narrow flounce, trimmed with lace and fringed at the top. A jacket body cut heart-shaped, trimmed round with a ruche of silk. The jacket is rather long at the back. Open sleeves.

Nos. 4, 11, 20, 27, & 29.—These illustrations show the manner of folding table napkins for rolls, eggs, chestnuts, etc. To be folded as follows the napkins should not be too limp, and should be slightly damp. Let No. 4 be folded in four lengthways, then from the centre be so folded as to assume the triangular shape; thus let both halves of the upper edge touch, then roll up the two ends; surround them, as also the under part of the triangle, with both hands, and on the wrong side make them form an angle, by which, according to the illustration, the folds are in juxtaposition. For No. 11 bring the four corners of the napkin to the centre, fold them tight so as to make them retain the shape. Turn the napkin and repeat the process.

Then turn to the right. Take the ends in the centre to the edge. According to the illustration bring the centre to a point; the four portions, properly folded, also have points, on which they can stand, and furnish pockets for the reception of the eggs, which should have been previously boiled. This folding should be practised on paper. For No. 20 begin as with the preceding. Then turn the napkin, and as to the corners, turn them again, guided by the illustration, and nip the last fold into shorter folds, thus raising the central portion with the left hand, impart to the whole the starlike appearance of the illustration.

Nos. 5 & 23.—These embroidered buttons can easily be made at home. Of course the original button in wood has to be procured. Cover them with black velvet. For No. 5 work in languette stitch and with black silk cord the pattern given in the illustration. Fasten the work with black silk and in point de misais. For No. 23 cover the button with white silk. Use flat stitch for the cross. Surround this with a chain of languette in black silk. The last part is also executed in the same manner. Finally, knit a kind of knot to be fastened to the button.

Nos. 6, 16, & 21.—Blue and white enamel, enlivened with gilt beads and imitation flowers and stars, compose this sugarplum box No. 6. Observe, there is a distinct compartment for peppermint drops. No. 16 is of black enamel, enlivened with gold and beads. No. 21 is metal, richly

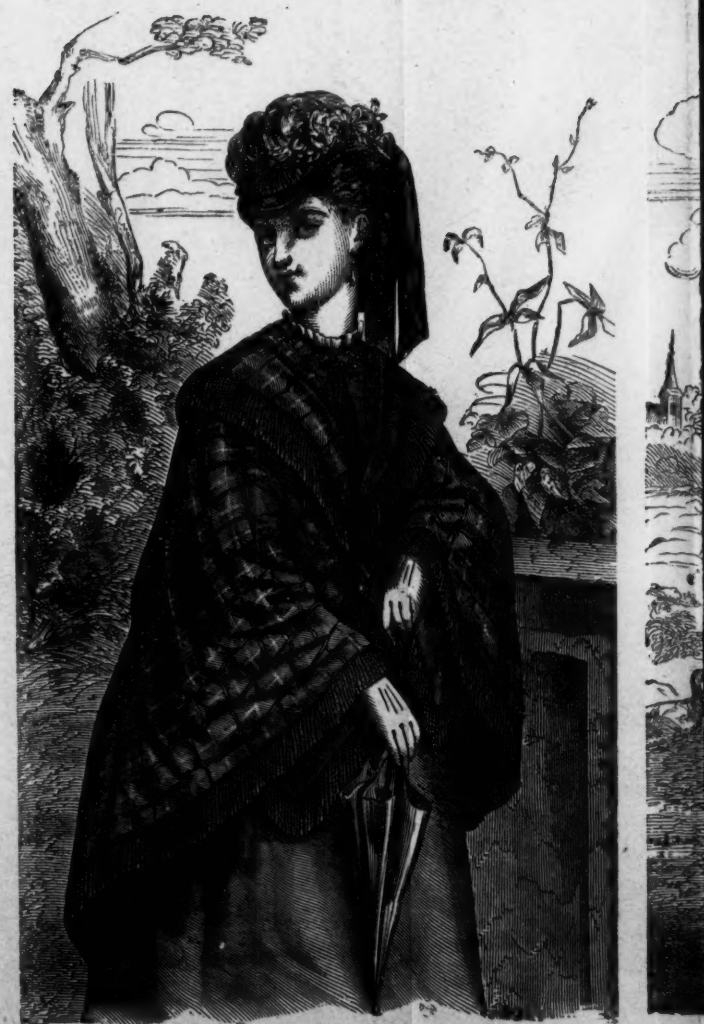
wrought. These boxes might be pleasingly imitated by our fair readers by painting on maple-wood.

No. 7.—A full-sized pattern of this under corsege is given on the other side. The separate parts of the corsege are of linen. Cut them from pattern. Join according to the letters. The trimming is of fine linen, pinked, and edged with strips of white embroidery.

Nos. 8 & 26.—This costume of brown silk is provided with a tunic caught up at the side by a fan-like bow. The trimming consists of brown silk frisure. The joining-on is concealed by strips of brown silk. A brown silk cord is added by way of ornament. The corsege is trimmed with frisure. The tunic is open on one side, and arranged behind in a double fold. Cuffs of white muslin.

No. 9.—The distinct parts of this embroidered night jacket are to be cut from illustration. The material is fine Irish linen. The trimming consists of strips of linen exquisitely pinked. Scallop of the same material hide the joining-on of the linen trimming. The throat and front of the jacket, as also the sleeves, are trimmed in like manner.

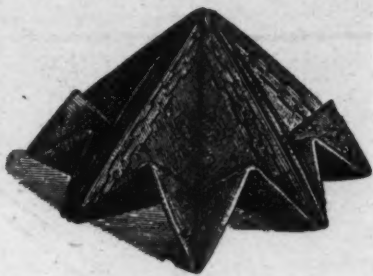
No. 10.—This embroidered foot cushion is circular in form. It measures thirty inches in diameter, and is six inches high. It is covered with pieces of red, blue, and white cloth. The arrangement of these pieces is indicated



No. 18.



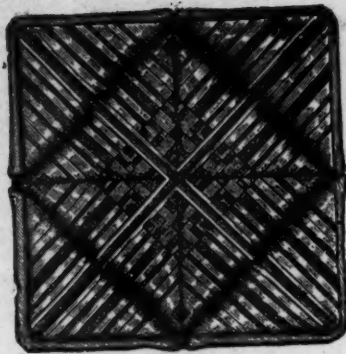
No. 14.



No. 20.



No. 24.



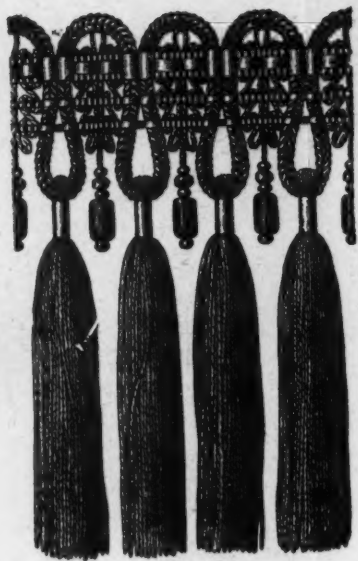
No. 27.



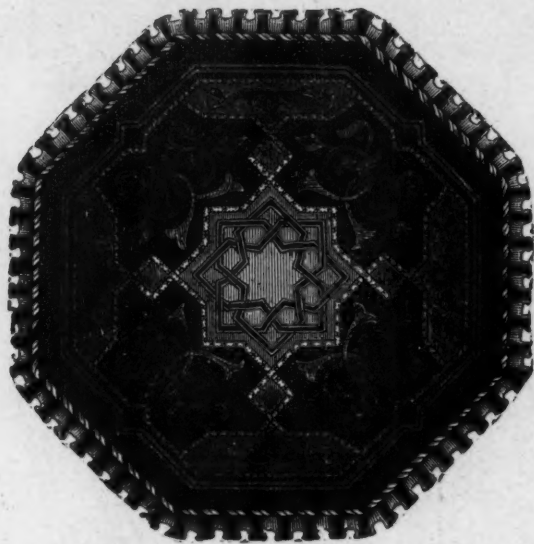
No. 31.



No. 15.



No. 22.



No. 25.



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No. 29.



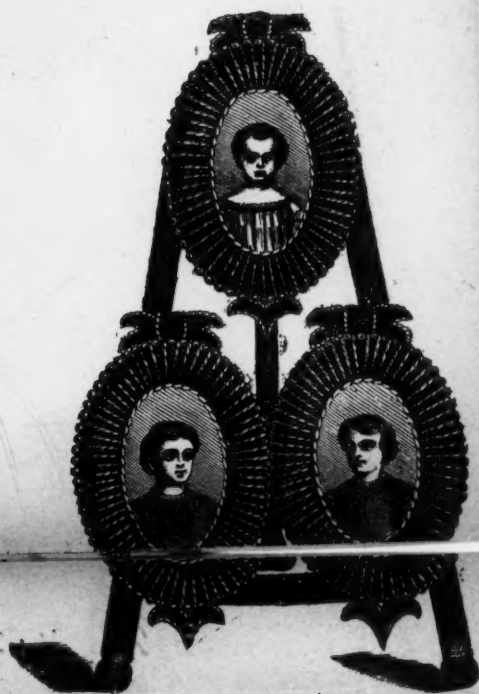
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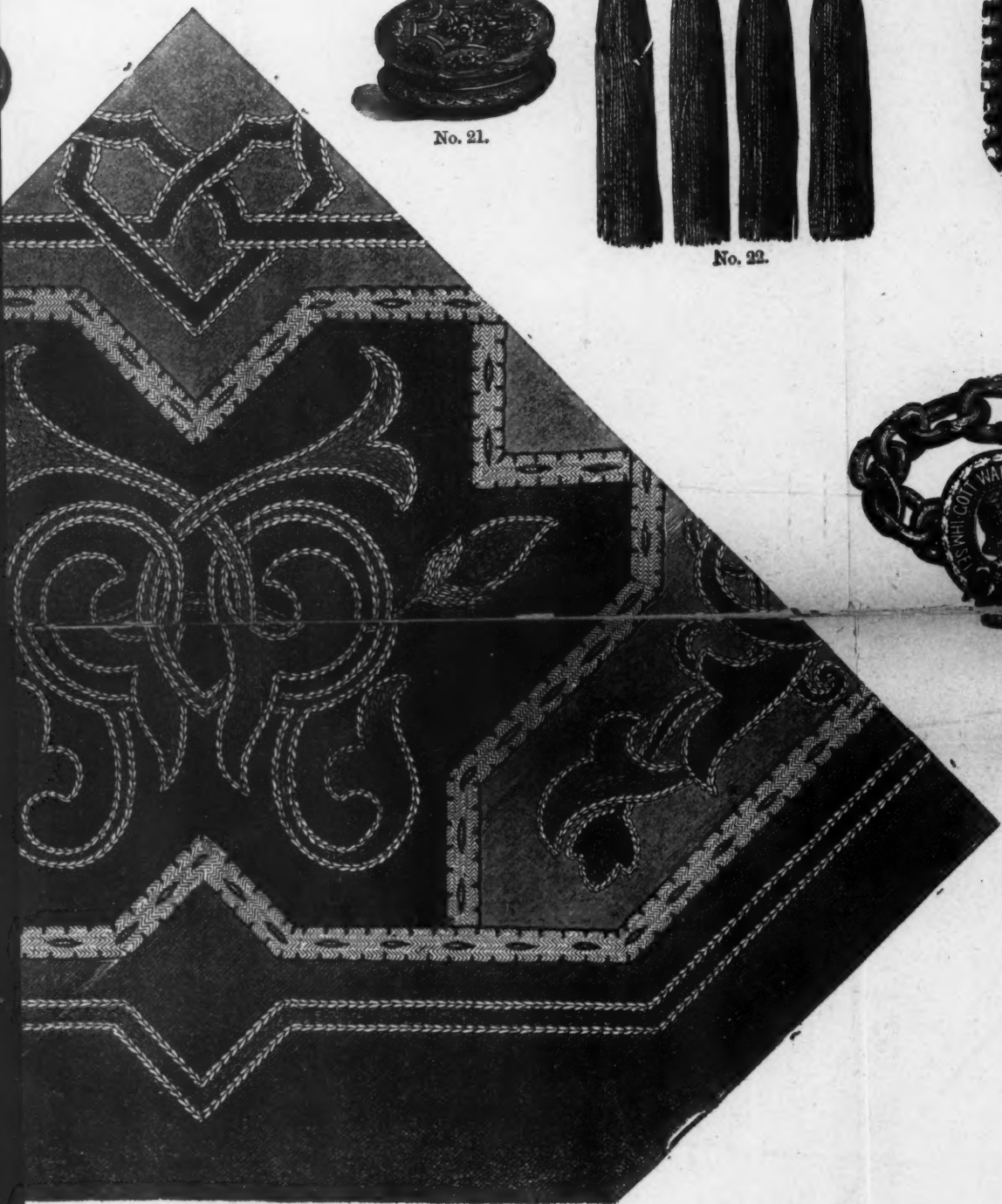
No. 23.



No. 30.



No. 32.



No. 17.



No. 26.



No. 33.

by the illustration. The single pieces, which are edged with gold thread, are worked with various coloured silks in flat, stop, and chain stitches. The joining-on of the black velvet ornamentation on the lower department is concealed by handsome Angora fringe. Black velvet rosettes adorn the corners.

Nos. 13 & 22.—This fringe to trim paletots, etc., is composed of cord and braid, both of black silk. Guided by No. 12 fasten the cord in loops on cardboard, and secure the fringe in bunches with black silk cord. Work the other illustration in the same manner.

Nos. 13 & 23.—These illustrations represent modern bracelets. No. 13 is of gold. A small cross is attached to it. This cross is of black enamel, and in the centre is an oak leaf. Any initial or date may be surrounded by the oak leaves. In No. 23 we see a fanciful bracelet consisting of rings within rings. In the centre may be introduced a cut pebble or a receptacle for a miniature portrait.

No. 14.—Of this crystal épergne the three cornucopia cups are intended for flowers, and the large vase for fruit.

Nos. 15 & 30.—For the braid trimming No. 30 procure the pattern on cardboard. Work the scallops in fine braid in black silk, and edge them with fine black silk cord. The leaves are procured by the same process. Secure the fastenings of braid and cord on the wrong side of the work. The jacket trimming No. 16 consists of loops and

piqué-covered buttons. Procure the pattern; then work the leaf in black braid.

Nos. 17 & 25.—A fourth part of this very handsome embroidered cushion for the back is given in illustration No. 17, in No. 25 it is shown in miniature. The covering is of scientific patchwork. The centre is of red cloth; the hexagon of blue; the surroundings of black. The joining of the pieces is concealed by maize-yellow silk braid, relieved with black silk braid in languette stitch. The embroidery is carried out in chain stitch in braids of pretty colours. For the buds choose crimson, for the arabesque-work Havannah colour in dark shades, and for the surroundings the same colour in light shades. For finishing off trim the edges with ribbon, and surround the cushion with ruffles of the various colours of the embroidery.

Nos. 18 & 19.—Cloak cut out of a square of cloth. The illustration for this cloak is, of course, given in miniature. It is made of cashmere, with hood and deep fringe (see front, No. 18, and back, No. 19). It is worn with a white alpaca, trimmed with black velvet; a white straw hat, trimmed with black ribbon velvet, white feather, a spray of pink rose and buds; a white parasol. No. 19, a blue dress and white straw hat with a long blue ostrich feather.

No. 24.—The foundation of this morning cap for an elderly lady is of net covered with blonde lace as seen in

illustration. One of the strings forms a loop and is fastened with a bow of mauve satin ribbon; the strings are of white tulle trimmed with lace. A bow at the top in front, and one at the back with ends.

No. 31.—This pretty dress for morning wear is of brown lama. The skirt is plain. A jacket body trimmed with black ribbon velvet. The hair in plaits.

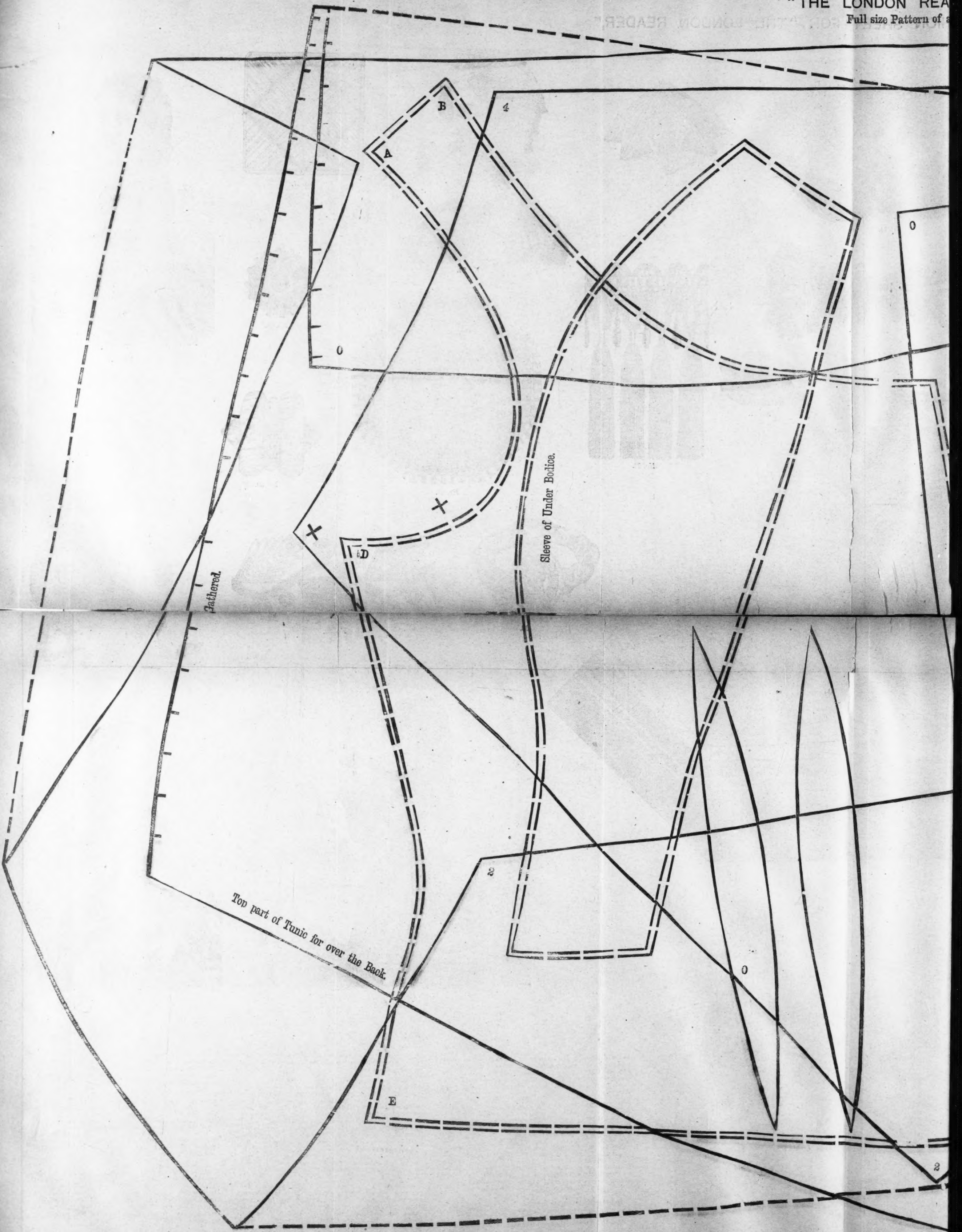
No. 32.—This stand is composed of osiers, and adorned with medallion-shaped frames, destined for photographs. Parts of the stand, as also the medallions, are covered with green velvet ribbon, worked with gold thread.

No. 33.—Dress of gray Irish poplin. This is a very serviceable material, and wears extremely well. The skirt is quite plain, but not too long. The jacket crosses over in front, and is trimmed with fringe and narrow velvet, and edged with lace. The sleeve, which is not very large, is trimmed the same. Turn-back collar of black velvet, edged with point lace. The hair curled, with a black velvet bow.

DOUBLE TUNIC.

(Full size pattern on the other side.) This tunic can be made of any material, and looks very pretty when properly put together, which can be accomplished by reference to the figures.

No. 19.



LONDON READER" DIAGRAM SHEET FOR JULY, 1871.

Full size Pattern of a Double Tunic, and an Under Bodice for a Young Lady.

Back of the Under Tunic.

Under Tunic Front.

Turned Over.

Back of Under Bodice.

Side Piece of Under Bodice.



Front of Under Bodice.

Upper Tunic Front.

Gathered.

2

2

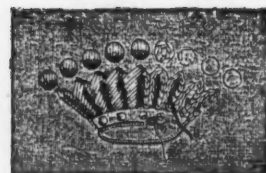
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No. 2.



No. 4.



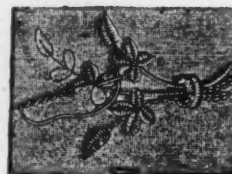
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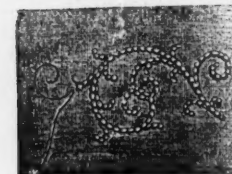
No. 9.



No. 10.



No. 11.



No. 7.



No. 12.



No. 15.

No. 1.—ALBUM COVER.—Boxes for photographs, baskets for odds and ends, or album covers can benefit by the embroidery we here describe. Take broad black reps ribbon and carry out the embroidery in flat stitch with silk braid. Trace out the pattern and suit the colours to the nature of the object for which the cover is intended. Close attention to the illustration will remove all difficulty in the execution of this original piece of fancy-work.

No. 2.—BLACK SILK APRON.—This pretty dress apron is gored, scalloped out at the bottom, trimmed with black velvet, and embroidered with green floss silk, quilling of green satin edges the velvet; add black fringe and two pockets bound with velvet and satin, also narrow silk band fastened at the back with a button.

Nos. 3 & 24.—BORDERS for outer clothing worked in satin stitch. These borders would look very pretty on brown cloth and in gold coloured silk.

Nos. 4, 7, 8, 10, 14, & 17.—EMBROIDERED KESCHIEFS, &c.—For handkerchiefs and various other articles we offer our readers the alphabet in embroidery, and various emblems such as crowns, &c. For this work, where fine linen or mus-

lin constitutes the material, work it with Evans's fine embroidery cotton. The illustrations teach how to work languette scallops, the adornment of handkerchiefs, and an ornamental crown. The stitches used are flat stitch, stem stitch, point de minute stitch, and stem stitch, with white embroidery cotton. The small squares are in fine black silk; the second is worked in white cotton in stop and knot stitch.

No. 5.—CHEMISETTE.—This is made of white muslin and Valenciennes lace, turned back. Fine linen is used for the points; edge with three rows of lace. In front is a bow of muslin edged with lace.

No. 6.—HOUSEHOLD APRON.—This apron is made and trimmed with embroidery according to illustration. Arrange the folds for the waist and secure them in the band; this is fastened to the body. Strips of plissé trimmed with edging surround the apron.

Nos. 9 & 18.—WATERPROOF CLOAK. (Full size pattern on the other side).—This plaid cloak of waterproof material is cut in the form of a paletot, and is provided with a pelerine. The trimming is of folds of the same material as the cloak,

with the addition of fringe to match the plaid. Cut the front part, the back and side pieces from pattern, and unite them as the letters direct. Consult the letters for the sleeves; the latter are caught up from the cross to the point. The tippet or pelerine is cut in three pointed pieces, the middle one, made to resemble a hood, is adorned with a tassel. Cut the tippet and unite both parts from cross to point, then join the armholes and the middle of the tippet according to the figures. This cloak may at will be caught up with loops and buttons, and provided with a real velvet hood.

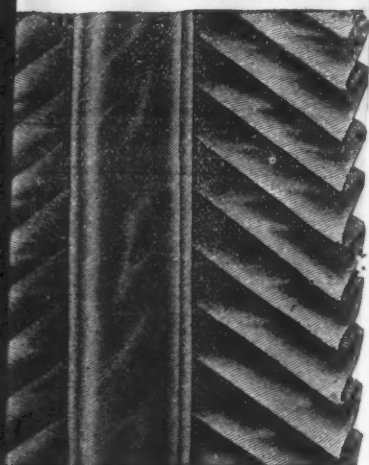
Nos. 11 & 16.—CHILD'S APRON IN MULL MUSLIN.—This apron is trimmed with folds edged by undulating braid. It has a scarf and bretelles adorned with the same braid. The bretelles join on to the apron. The under edge is trimmed with folds and an edging of undulating braid.

No. 12.—TRIMMING FOR DRESSES.—This trimming is cut on the cross and pleated with a band stitched in the centre.

No. 18.—VIGNETTE IN EMBROIDERY.

No. 10.—CHILD'S KNITTED JACKET.—Procure the pattern,

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No. 12.



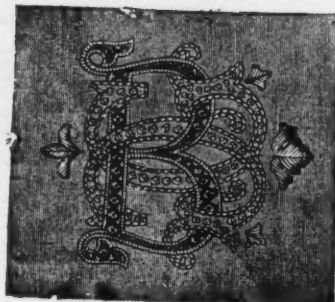
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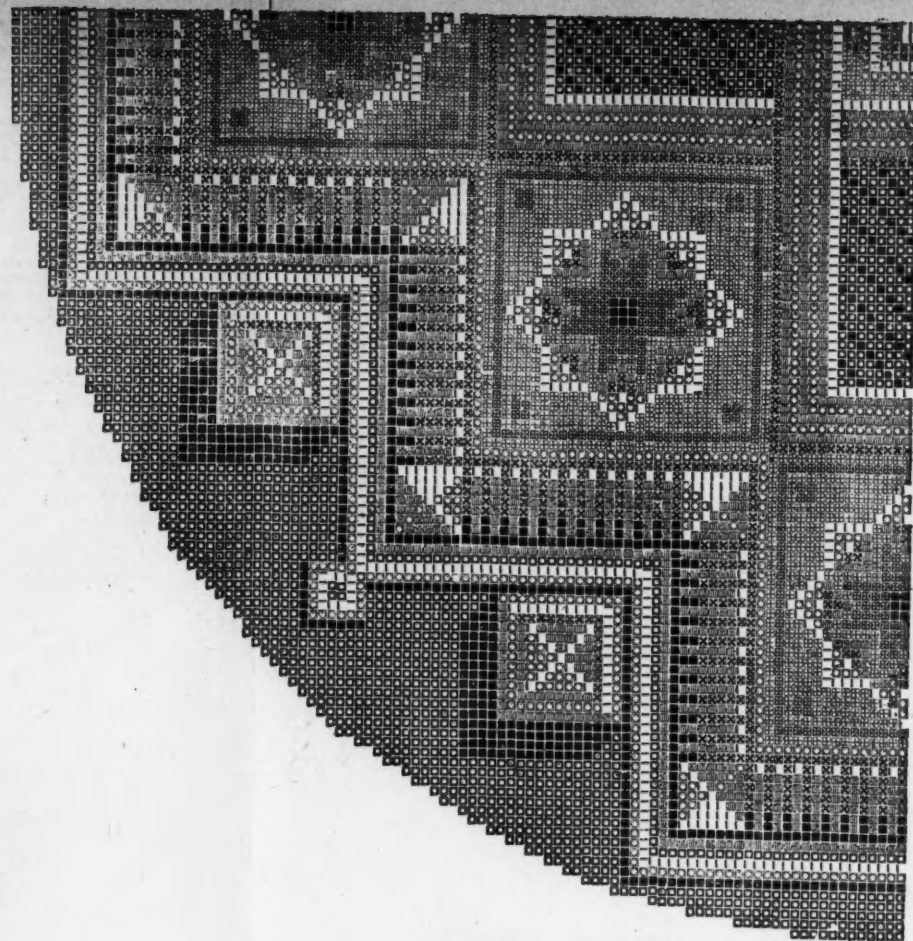
No. 14.



No. 16.



No. 17.



Black Violet 1st Brown 2nd Brown Yellow Floss Silk
1st Green 2nd Green.
No. 20.



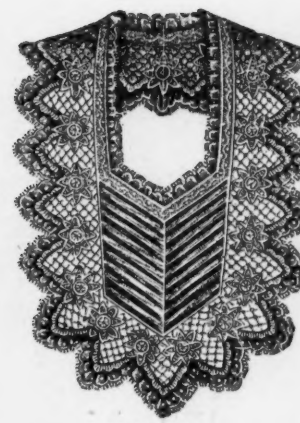
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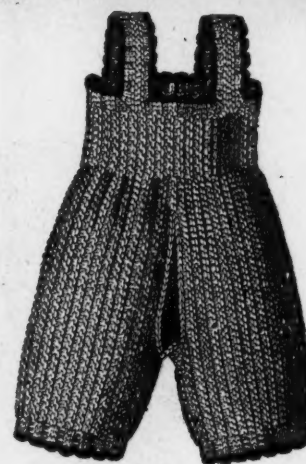
No. 18.



No. 21.



No. 22.



No. 23.



No. 19.



No. 24.

cutting it to the size desired out of strong muslin. The principal part of the work is knitting backwards and forwards. The trimming is of knitted lace. Begin this lace by setting on 4 stitches and proceed with the 2nd row. 1 raised, 2 st to right, 1 raised, 2 right, 2 st together, 2 right, 4th row. Raised, 1 right, wind 1 round raised, wind 1 round, 3 right. 6th row. Raised, 1 right, wind 1 round the needle, raised, 1 wound, raised, 2 wound twice, raised. The second winding thread is knitted off in the next row. 8th row. 1 right, 1 wound, 1 raised, 1 wound, 5 right. 10th row. 1 raised, 1 right, 1 wound, 1 raised, twice wound, 4 right. 12th row. Raised, 1 right, wound, raised, wound, 5 right. 14th row. Raised, 1 right, wound, raised, wound, raised, wound twice, raised, raised, wound twice, raised, 1 right. 16th row. Raised, raised, wound, raised, wound, raised, 7 right. 18th row. Raised, taken off, wound, taken off, 3 right, knitted together, wound twice, taken off, 3 right. 20th row. Raised, taken off, wound, taken off, 5 right. 22nd row. Raised, taken off, wound, taken off, wound, 3 st knitted together, wound twice, taken off, 1 right. 24th row. Taken off, taken off, wound, taken off, 3 right. 26th row. Taken off, taken off, wound, taken off, 2 right. 28th row. Taken off, taken off, wound, taken off, wound, taken off, 1 right.

No. 20.—PART OF A ROUND CUSHION.—

No. 21.—CHILD'S KNITTED PETTICOAT.—White lambswool should be used for this garment. The design, the rows of which must always be knitted twice, requires 22 stitches set on at the beginning, then follow 3 to the left on the rows knitted round. 1st row. 10 r (right), 11 (left), 1 r, 10 l. 2nd row. 9 r, 11 l, 1 r, 11 l, 1 r, 9 l. 3rd row. 8 r, 11 l, 2 r, 2 l, 1 r, 8 l. 4th row. 7 r, 11 l, 3 r, 3 l, 1 r, 7 l. 5th row. 6 r, 11 l, 4 r, 1 r, 6 l. 6th row. 5 r, 11 l, 5 r, 5 l, 1 r, 5 l. 7th row. 4 r, 11 l, 6 r, 1 r, 4 l. 8th row. 3 r, 11 l, 7 r, 1 r, 3 l. 9th row. 2 r, 11 l, 8 r, 1 r, 2 l. 10th row. 1 r, 11 l, 9 r, 1 r, 1 l. 11th row. 11 l, 10 r, 10 l, 1 r, 9 r, 9 l, 1 r, 11 l. 12th row. 11 l, 10 r, 10 l, 1 r. Then carry on the design by a repetition of the triangles as follows: 1st row. 1 r, 10 l, 10 r, 11. 2nd row. 11 l, 9 l, 9 r, 11 l, 1 r. Knit to the left the body and shoulder straps; these are edged by rows of red wool worked in crochet. The lower rim of the petticoat is trimmed in like fashion.

No. 22.—CHILDREN'S TROUSERS.—Now that the fine, warm weather allows of the enjoyment of sitting in bowers and inhaling the fragrance of the opening blossoms, we hardly know any more agreeable employment while so situ-

ated than useful and at the same time elegant needlework. With this view we trust our readers will appreciate our endeavours in that direction, nor consider that because the knitted, knotted, or crocheted articles of wearing apparel which we describe are suited for different weather that the manufacture of them is out of season. Thus the fanciful knitted trousers for children may only be available for an exceptional day just at present, though so valuable in chilly late autumn. For these we recommend strong unbleached cotton. Steel knitting needles are used for this work. For each half of the trousers set on 100 stitches and knit 200 rows or 100 ribs (a rib means once forward and backward). Then knit for the under part of the trousers 30 st together, and take off 20 st in forty rows. The edge consists of 5 rows, for which one must knit alternately 2 right and 2 left or 2 forward and 2 backward. For the body 25 st, 40 ribs, then 60 st for the armholes. Add to this 85 st, 10 ribs, and when half of the body is worked add 10 more ribs. The illustration affords all further necessary particulars.

No. 23.—CHEMISETTE.—This can be worn with a square or heart-shaped body. The front is of muslin in small tucks trimmed with gimp lace. See illustration.

"THE LONDON READER" DIAGRAM
Full Size Pattern of a Water

